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August, 1840. J. LONSDALE, Principal.

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T. H. KEV, Dean of the Faculty of Arts.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.
28th August, 1840.

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Head Master.

THOMAS H. KEY, A.M. Professor of Latin in the College.
HENRY MALDEN, M. Professor of Greek in the College.
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CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

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JAMES YATES, F.R.S., Secretary to the Council.

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London, July 17, 1840.

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Vienna, August, 1840.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1840.

REVIEWS

Inquiries Elementary and Historical in the Science of Law. By James Reddie, Esq., Advocate. Longman & Co.

"SCIENCE OF LAW," we hear some dusty old Nisi prius practitioner exclaim; "what is that? I have been practising half a life, and never heard of such a thing." "Science of law," cries, in like astonishment, an honest solicitor, from behind his desk; "he had better study the Term Reports, if he means that I should employ him."

The tendency to adopt this false and degrading notion, which estimates—

The worth of anything
At so much money as 'twill bring,

is the besetting sin of the present day; and the corresponding preference for the practical (that is, the unreasoning) man, over the theorist, (that is, the man who thinks before he acts,) has obtained a firm hold of the public mind. In all the learned professions, the exhibition of a taste for anything beyond mere routine is visited by a sentence of incapacity for the business of fee-taking; but the law is most especially open to this reproach. Its practice being strictly dependent on rules, has comparatively very little to do with reasons; precedents supersede principles; and the great gymnasium for a thriving student, is the pleader's office. Ignoramus's worldly maxim in favour of the *artes parvas et lucrosas*, therefore, still maintains its value and application; and notwithstanding the boasted improvement of our times, we have as much reason as ever for saying *non est mundus pro artibus liberalibus jam*: which, being translated, signifies "stick to the attornies, and have nothing to do with the science of law." To this truth the author of the treatise before us is so thoroughly alive, that, in his capacity of a practising lawyer, he has thought it necessary to apologize to his readers (and through them doubtless to his clients) for having occupied his time with "studies so much apart from the routine and technicalities of ordinary business"; and he protests (to use the language of Falstaff) that rebellion lay in his way,—that he was led (he might have said betrayed) into the forbidden path, during the progress of composing a series of practical treatises on commercial and maritime law.

Of the unlearned state of the learned professions, the public are the primary causes; and they are also its principal victims. If society were better taught, and entertained a more correct estimate on the subject, the professions would be compelled to follow opinion in the search of scientific competency, as they now do in pursuit of practical knowingsness.

The bias at present given to the legal intellect is pregnant with evils, which extend widely through society. How far it interferes with the rational development of what Bentham contemptuously calls "judge-made law," we need not now pause to inquire; but some notion may be formed of its injurious influence, even in this respect, from the little benefit which the congenial work of legislation derives from the presence of so many lawyers in the House of Commons. The English Parliament, which passes more laws than all the other legislatures of Europe put together, is notorious alike for its ignorance of legislative principles, and its bungling in the construction and phraseology of its acts. In no other nation are the chances for any one individual being called to the task of law-making so high; and in no other country, class for class, is the average qualification so low. To prove the fact, it is only necessary to call to mind,

that the landed aristocracy have for centuries thought themselves in possession of an hereditary right to the representation; and have not the less suffered their universities to withhold all instruction on legal science worth a farthing, from the embryo senators committed to their care. But even in an assembly thus constituted, the lawyers obtain no serviceable influence. The consequences to the country are manifested in the shape of the obstacles opposed by ignorant pertinacity, to order, method, and principle; contradictory and inefficient legislation, from sheer incompetency in the mover to embody his own ideas; partial and insufficient reforms; idle experiments,—absurd compromises,—and an endless succession of acts emendatory and declaratory, to repair in one session, what was falsely or faultily done in another. To dwell upon the enormous amount of pecuniary loss, the waste of time, the personal vexation thus entailed on the nation, is scarcely necessary; for who has not borne his share of this heavy burden? Enough has been said to warrant the assertion, that Mr. Reddie's essay, as an attempt to wrestle with this most mischievous ignorance, was a desideratum, and its publication worthy of all praise: notwithstanding, therefore, his own modest estimate of it, as calculated merely for the use of those destined to the study of the law, we shall venture to recommend it to students of all denominations, as embracing a subject which ought to form a part of every gentleman's education.

In thus, however, recommending the volume before us, we consider it rather as laying open to contemplation the long-neglected field of moral science, and as presenting an outline of the many questions connected with the philosophy of law, than as inculcating in all cases the soundest doctrine, or as uniformly stating its propositions with a desirable clearness. We do not commend it to implicit acceptance, but because it affords a desirable occasion to enable the reader to try his own powers, and is calculated to stimulate curiosity and direct research.

In this essay, Mr. Reddie justly considering, with Condillac, that the imperfection of any science depends on the imperfection of the language it speaks, begins by passing in review the various senses in which the word Law is used; and, in so doing, he has commenced with the most general of its applications,—that is, with Physical law; after which he proceeds to the examination of Moral law, Divine law, natural and revealed, and Human law, as founded in nature, or as established by man. For the purposes of perspicuity, a contrary method would perhaps, on the whole, have been preferable. The most popular and intelligible idea of a law, is that of a rule laid down for the conduct of the subject in any particular, by an authority having the power to apply certain penal consequences to its non-observance. But the establishment, in a community, and the observance of any such law, must necessarily beget a very manifest order and uniformity in the series of actions for which it provides; and the familiar observation of this result predisposes the mind to generalize the connexion, and in all cases where a similar order and uniformity reign, to imagine and to believe in the existence of some law by virtue of which that order is maintained.

In thus applying the idea of law to the order of nature, to the order of abstract morality, or to that established in the will of the Deity, the secondary signification of the word is clearly metaphorical. The metaphor, though convenient, is however imperfect. When we speak of a natural law, we speak of something unchangeable and constant,—something beyond the sphere of man's volitions, that requires no contingent

supplement of a penal sanction, or of a machinery for applying it. A law of nature is a physical fact: matter, for instance, does gravitate. But a law, in the legal sense of the word, is only a declaration of what ought to be fact; and it is never called into active existence, but when the order provided for is infringed.

The nearest approximation to the primitive idea of human law, is that of a Divine law,—a law derived from a revelation of God's will, and sanctioned by a system of extrinsic rewards and punishments, distributed immediately by him. As far as the *genesis* of this conception is concerned, it is a close and perfect copy of what is observed in human society, a transference of the mechanism of human justice from earth to heaven.

The idea of a natural law is, on the contrary, a derivative from that of a physical law. The observation of the constancy which pervades the operations of nature, and which is typically represented by the word Law, extended at first only to the external world; but it was ultimately found that the same constancy prevails also in the phenomena, corporeal and mental, of the human organization. It was discovered that among the various possible modes of voluntary actions, there were some that coincided with the order thus established, and filled out, as it were, its purposes; while there are others which were opposed to it. Man thus arrived at the notion of an abstract moral order, which is characterized as being *natural*; and to which he applied the term Law, by the same figure as he uses in respect to the order prevalent in the inorganic world. It is true that physical and organized existences, being the works of the Creator, must be regarded as the expressions of his will; but this relation is an after-thought, and has nothing to do with the generation of the ideas.

By adopting the order we have glanced at in his chapter of definitions, we think that Mr. Reddie would at once have followed the course of history and of analysis; while, by proceeding from the known to the unknown, (or rather from the familiar to the recondite,) he would have been enabled to attain to a more clear development of his own ideas.

Having completed his account of the various senses in which the term "law" is used, Mr. Reddie proceeds to the consideration of coercive law, and of its various subdivisions. The first and fundamental question for examination in the study of the science of law, regards its origin, or what constitutes the fitness of any legal dispensation. This question, as Mr. Reddie afterwards explains, admits of two modes of investigation,—historically, by a comparison of what has actually occurred in different nations; and analytically by a consideration of the nature of man and of society, and a deduction *à posteriori* from particulars to generals. Attempts, however, in this department have seldom been conducted on either of these plans; but rather by a series of *à priori* guesses, and the arbitrary erection of theoretic principles to serve as the foundations of argument. We hold that Mr. Reddie's greatest merit lies in the *coup de grace* he has given to this faulty method, and in his plain annunciation of the great truth, that law, like the physical sciences, comes within the domain of the Baconian philosophy. Law, he says, "is occupied with the human constitution corporeal or mental,—with the circumstances in which men are placed on the surface of the earth,—with the powers with which these are invested, and the restraints and limitations to which they are subjected, in reference to each,—and with their actions, all as matters of fact." This idea is more fully developed, apropos to physical law, in the following extract:—

"As a sentient, intelligent, social, and moral being,

placed on the surface of this earth in common with his fellows, man is as much subject to certain physical, whether material or mental, laws, as the universe around him. In his corporeal frame, we trace the laws by which he has communication with the external world, by which animal life is preserved, and the species propagated and continued. In his intellectual constitution, we trace the laws, by which the processes of human thought are unfolded and regulated, by which the various sciences and arts are in a manner created, and advanced. In his moral nature, in his relation to his Creator, or his fellow-men, or other sentient beings, we mark the laws, by which he is formed to distinguish right from wrong in human action, to feel the obligation to pursue a virtuous course of conduct, and thereby to attain the destiny, for which he appears to have been created. In his social dispositions, and in the consequent associations of individuals into different communities and nations, we observe the laws, by which such aggregate bodies are formed, by which they make their internal arrangements, by which they prosper and advance, or become stationary or decline, by which civilization is promoted, and the species improved. And although these physical laws may not form a direct or immediate object of study to the practical lawyer or legislator, we shall afterwards have occasion to observe, that, as in the material world they constitute the ground-work, upon which all improvements in mechanical, chemical, and medical art, are founded, so, in the mental world, they in reality form the basis of all human legislation; the operation of the latter being merely auxiliary and supplementary."

For this view of the bases of law, and of the method of reasoning on them, Mr. Reddie is, we imagine, directly or indirectly indebted to a perusal of the writings of De Tracy. But he is himself a disciple of the Edinburgh school of philosophy; and we trace to this circumstance a good deal of wavering and uncertainty in the march of his ideas. It seems strange, but the fact is so, that having discovered the true sources of legal science, the author should still cling to the eclectic notions of his countrymen on the theory of ethics. On this subject, he tells us that "it is impossible to deny the existence of immediate and intuitive judgments, sentiments, and feelings of moral approbation and disapprobation which arise in the human mind irresistibly, on the contemplation of different descriptions of voluntary action, *independently of their consequences*." In these few words, in which the author lays down the Scotch theory of moral sentiment, there is the simplest expression of that very method of philosophizing, which, in reference to law, he has described as vicious.

This incongruity and inconsistency of idea is by no means without its effects. It has led the author into the whimsical notion, that law and ethics should be separately studied, and that their junction, by the majority of writers, has been a serious mistake. "In their researches," he says, "into the *jus naturæ*, most jurists have not only confounded ethics with coercive law, and carried their attempts at simplification to such an extent, as to arrive at ultimate principles so abstract and general, as to be of little practical utility; but many of them adopting a kind of *a priori* mode of investigation, instead of the inductive method, have assumed general principles not warranted by actual observation of fact, and have thereon constructed ideal theories of law and government."

But if this false mode of reasoning has resulted from the union of law with ethics, it can only be because "ideal theories and assumed general principles" were adopted in the investigation of ethics. If, as Mr. Reddie distinctly tells us, the matter of inquiry relative to law concerns realities,—that which is,—his theory of ethics (the theory which has too long prevailed) looks only to what in imagination ought to be, under the dictation of a sense of duty. Now, this mode of considering ethics is by no means

of necessity. They are not so treated by Bentham—[Principles of Morals, &c. chapter 1, paragraph x.]; and if there be any truth in the author's own theory of law, they should not be so treated by himself. The evil, then, if evil there be, in uniting the study of these two cognate branches of science, lies in the junction of law, not with ethics, but with a particular theory of ethics, which, on the author's own reasoning, must be erroneous.

That there is a natural connexion between ethics and law, Mr. Reddie himself admits. "Upon examination," he says, "it will be found that the actions which have the common quality of susceptibility of injunction or prohibition by force, and thus form a distinct class [as belonging to the science of law], may be referred to what, in ethics, has in a strict and proper sense been denominated the virtue of justice." The proposition is, indeed, self-evident. If ethics include all voluntary actions, the actions included in the virtue of justice are of their number; and even the very penal sanctions themselves derive their efficacy through the influence of motives, which are themselves elements of the science of ethics. It is evident, therefore, that the actions which are matters of legal regulation, are ethical actions possessing one other quality, which is legality, or the liability to extrinsic compulsion. If every ethical action is not legal, every legal action is still ethical.

Upon an attentive consideration of the distinctions which Mr. Reddie has drawn between the two sciences, and which seem to us to afford no practical grounds for separation, we conclude that he has been led to the course he has adopted, solely by his conviction of the necessity of admitting expediency, or *à posteriori* arguments of utility, to prevail in regard to law, while he will not admit them to be the criteria of ethics. But the whole of the chapter on Law, as distinguished from Ethics, is thus rendered obscure, unsatisfactory, and impractical; and in many respects the author is in contradiction with himself. Among other reasons for separating law from ethics, we are told (and truly told) that "the moral sentiments of mankind are various in different countries and in different stages of civilization." But if so, how can they be instinctive? An instinct, as a result of organization, must be as constant as the organization; or if taken as a moral principle of mind, it must be as constant as the will of the Creator, who so made it. Yet, he continues, "therefore, they do not afford an external independent and uniform standard as the foundation of positive law." But if the moral sentiments are not trustworthy in matters of law, how are they to be depended on, as criteria of ethical bearings? Again, it is urged that law prescribes on many points which are neither ethically just nor unjust; but, surely, if the law be not tyrannical, it has a reason for its rule, and that reason must involve an ethical consideration. Take, for instance, the rule of the road. Abstractedly, it is indifferent in morals on which side the road we drive. But the law prescribes the left side, because it is necessary for the safety of travelling, that comers and goers should not take the same, and by so doing run against each other. The rule being established, he who in carelessness or malice does not observe it, is morally as well as legally responsible for the consequences. The same reasoning holds with poaching and smuggling; and the real immorality of such infringements of the written law is further demonstrated in this, that if they do not find the culprits rogues, they infallibly end by making them so. Whatever real discrepancy exists between legality and morality, must rest on the imperfections of positive law, and its variance from abstract right.

After all, Mr. Reddie must, we think, perceive

that his quarrel with the Utilitarians, who pursue the same method in their ethical inquiries which he does in his investigations of law, is a mere matter of verbal cavil. What he himself advances on the subject of law, may be applied, *totidem verbis*, to the study of ethics, and may be considered as an exposition of the doctrine of utility.

"There can be no doubt, that in the nature of things, certain descriptions of actions are just or generally expedient, and therefore ought to be commanded and enforced, and other descriptions or classes of actions are unjust or generally hurtful, and therefore ought to be prohibited and prevented by human power. And there thus exist, independently of human power, or institution, certain laws of nature, according to which these actions ought to be so enforced, or prevented. It does not, indeed, appear to be given to man to perceive all these legal truths, and legal relations, *a priori*, or previously to experience, or even intuitively, so as to apply them with unerring accuracy to each particular case. There exists no code, or digest, of the law of nature, to the particular books, titles, or sections of which legislators or jurists can refer. But the book of nature has been opened to man by the all-wise Creator, in his works. In the constitution of man, corporeal and mental, in the conformation, and successive changes and events of the material world, in which he commences and terminates his mortal life, and with which he is, for a time, so intimately connected, in the events of the lives of individuals, and in the advancement or decline of men united in communities, all as made known to us by experience, by observation of the present state of matters, and by the records of former generations, and past ages, we distinctly perceive the existence and operation of certain laws, fixing limits which men cannot transgress with impunity, and indicating the courses of action, which the individual, or the community, may, for the general good, be compelled to pursue or observe, by the application of the physical force, which the Creator of mankind has placed at their disposal. Indeed, it is plain, that men must have felt the influence of, or rather their subjection to, such laws, before they could think of entering into conventions, or establishing with their fellow-men, common rules for the regulation of their conduct. The enactment of the legislature, or the sentence of the judge, if supported by the physical force of the united community, may make the general rule prescribed, or the particular question decided, the law of the particular nation. But no such enactment or judgment can render an action, or course of action, conducive to the welfare of the individual, or of the community, which is in fact, in the nature of things the reverse, or innocent, which is in fact destructive of that welfare."

In this extract, if we substitute for the words "enactment of the legislature or the sentence of the judge," the words "our feelings of approbation and disapprobation," the whole will stand for an ethical argument in behalf of utility. It is from a study of the book of nature and the constitution of man, that we learn what is or what is not useful; and the false measures of utility, which may occasionally be taken, and which have been urged as a reproach by the opponents of such a criterion, are clearly referable to an imperfect reading of that volume. It would not be difficult to show that the idea represented by the phrases moral principle, conscience, &c., is but an abstraction of the several specific utilities which lie at the bottom of each particular case of approbation and disapprobation. But it is a shorter method to observe, that in the great majority of instances, the two criteria coincide in their result. Generally speaking, the conscience approves of what is useful, and disapproves of what is injurious to social man. There are, however, certain cases in which this coincidence is not observable. The religious persecutor, for instance, really approves of a line of conduct towards the man he calls a heretic, which the Utilitarian denounces as wrong. But how do the partisans of the moral-sentiment theory reason on this disagreement? Do they not adopt the conclu-

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sion of the Utilitarian, and attribute the opinion of the persecutor to a perversion of his conscience? Why, we ask, is this sentiment a perversion? how is it proved to be so?—not by the concurrent testimony of other consciences; for there are more bigots in the world than partisans of religious freedom:—but by a (perhaps unconscious) appeal to consequences. Thus it must happen in every instance in which a difference arises. When the partisans of a moral principle denounce utility as a criterion, by advancing a case in which an imagined utility would mislead the judgment, they merely demonstrate that the criterion has been badly applied. But in disapproving a given act, if we merely declare that we feel it to be injurious,—if we cannot connect that sentiment with some specific consequence which forms the matter of the judgment, the declaration will find no echo in the minds of others. A perverted conscience is one that approves and disapproves in manifest contradiction to such consequences: utility is, therefore, the criterion of conscience, and not conscience of utility.

We have entered so much at length on this point, because we are satisfied that the separation of law from ethics, and the placing them on different bases, is a radical error, and must lead to mischievous consequences. Amongst these, not the least important is the doubt that will be cast on all *à posteriori* reasonings on law. If ethics be indeed an *à priori* science, law also must be so. It is impossible that philosophy will not look for the foundations of law in the same source in which it thinks to find ethical truth. The two methods cannot subsist together, for the one must swallow up the other.

Another highly important view adopted by Mr. Reddie in these inquiries, concerns the origin of coercive laws as matters of fact. It is notorious how utterly theorists have failed in their endeavour to discover the commencement of the right in one individual to coerce another—the way in which an individual becomes bound to obey the law. The idea of a natural state of man anterior to all society, and the theory of a voluntary compact founded on it, are abandoned as historically unfounded; and were it otherwise, the theory would not apply beyond the persons who in fact entered into the agreement. Mr. Reddie, however, maintains, that as men must always have existed in families, a family order must have existed as a matter of practical observance,—a spontaneous order of convenience,—before the idea of legal authority and penal sanctions could in possibility have been conceived.

"Doubtless," he says, "it is historically true, that by far the greatest part of the laws of a people, are not the arbitrary commands of any power in the state, whether consisting of one, a few, or many individuals, but have grown up, almost insensibly, with the people, have been adopted from time to time to satisfy wants, to protect weakness, to gratify or restrain the various feelings of which man is susceptible, and are, in reality, the habits, customs, and modes of action of the great body of individuals composing the nation."

And again, apropos to the common law:—

"In the infancy of nations, judging from the history of past ages, and from recent observation, the common law exists merely in the ordinary modes of action, habits, and customs of the people, as resulting from the similar mental and corporeal constitution of the individuals composing the community, and from the external circumstances in which they are placed, and as gradually extended and unfolded from generation to generation, in the course of the natural advancement, consequent upon the continued association of individuals in one community, forming, as it were, an organic body." In its origin, the common law is not forced upon the people, or even received by the people from any external power; it is rather created by, or arises out of the union and intercourse of the people. It does not, as observed by Savigny, exist of itself, like an insulated and independent machine, placed by its inventors in the midst of the

nation, and which may be constructed in one way rather than another. It comes in time to be embodied in the national language, and transmitted from generation to generation by oral tradition. It then exhibits itself in the external formalities of transactions. And in this way, the leading doctrines of property or the right to the exclusive use and disposal of external things, of the binding nature of contracts, and of the rights of family, kindred and succession, come to be recognized, and acted upon without any interposition of the sovereign or the legislative power of the state. Legislators do not create these legal relations. They have an existence in nature anterior to, and independent of, legislative enactment. The aid of government is merely required to declare, protect, and enforce them."

This is luminous, and satisfactory, and worth a whole cartload of abstractions concerning our idea of right. It is impossible for us to follow Mr. Reddie through the whole of his volume; and we must content ourselves with referring to the last chapter, which treats of the possible improvements that may be effected in private law. This chapter embraces a review of the statutory and the customary law, of the evils which have crept into each, and of the means by which they are to be encountered. This naturally resolves itself into a critique on Mr. Bentham's plan of Codification; which, on the whole, may be studied with profit by the general reader. In the estimate which the author has made of the merits of Codification, we are inclined to coincide. Like road-making, Codification is "a never ending still beginning" labour; for law cannot be stationary, unless man and society were so likewise, which, as the mathematicians say, is absurd. A very few years, then, must detract from the benefit of the best constructed code; further than as it must ever serve as a model for future operators. Such a code, indeed, by embodying the whole philosophy of the subject, would at once put an end to bungling legislation and conflicting decisions; for it must regulate as a precedent both the judgments of the courts, and the principles of legislation. But as a mere digest of existing laws, it must gradually be deteriorated, and be abandoned as insufficient. It must therefore give place to new laws and to new decisions.

"The principles of the science of private law, we have formerly seen, rest upon the constitution of mankind, as congregated in communities, and the external circumstances, in which they are placed:—a more stable basis than the opinion or fiat of any human legislator. The science grows, and is extended, and enlarged, in proportion as facts are multiplied and collected, in the course of the gradual development of human industry and of human transactions, not merely by accumulating decisions pronounced under the control and direction of an invariable text. This latter part of jurisprudence is, no doubt, useful. It is necessary for the establishment of sound maxims of interpretation, and of logical deduction; but it is by no means the noblest part of the science. That nobler part has its source and foundation in nature itself. And to prevent its natural progress and advancement from being impeded by the fixed character of codification, it may be necessary, that, while the legislature sanctions imperatively those rules of the common law, which have been found from experience, most just and equitable, and most generally expedient, the tribunals should also be instructed, to extend their views, in point of justice and expediency, to the new and varied connexions, which arise from changes of circumstances, and from a greatly increased development in the reciprocal relations of men; and to report, at stated intervals, the result of their farther observation and experience, that the improvements suggested may, from time to time, be adopted by the legislature."

In enumerating the objections which have been advanced against legal decisions as the sources of law, we think Mr. Reddie has not put forth their real defect. If the judges, in deciding on the merits of a new case, proceeded only with reference to justice, and what may be called the common-sense view of the matter,

which is open to public opinion, and easily embraced, there would be little danger of substantial injustice; but besides the principles of natural equity, there are what are called principles of law,—many of them founded in fictions; and judge-made law is too frequently the result of successive deductions from such principles, each one a further departure from truth and nature than the last. Such decisions may cohere together admirably as a system of legal reasoning, and yet work extremely ill for the ends of society. The remedy for this evil does not lie on the surface, further than inasmuch as the frequent recurrence to codification implies a frequent recurrence to first principles and the dictates of nature.

To conclude: it must be clear from the extracts we have made from this volume, that there are scattered through it prolific truths, which cannot be without their influence on the future improvement of moral science. There are likewise one or two logical maxims well worthy of incorporation into the treatises expressly written on that art. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Reddie will pursue the course he has so well begun, and that he will assist in advancing national education by other works, equally calculated as the present to popularize moral investigations.

History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F.A.S. Vols. VI. & VII. Edinburgh: Tait. 1837—40.

THE period upon which Mr. Tytler has now entered, is more than any other interesting to the English reader. The rise, progress, and establishment of the Reformation in Scotland,—the feuds and intrigues of Mary of Guise,—the more deadly feuds, and the more disgraceful intrigues, of her daughter Mary's short but disastrous sovereignty,—and the changeable, but always cautious, and too often crooked policy of the court of England, are here placed before us by a writer who has too lofty a sense of his high calling to play at a mere game of "follow my leader," and who has, therefore, drawn the far greater portion of his materials from those "original stores," which were unsought by, and therefore unknown to former historians. We perhaps owe an apology to Mr. Tytler, for allowing the earlier of these two volumes to remain so long unnoticed; but the events of the first years of Mary's reign are linked so inseparably with the later, and the characters which merely appear on the scene in the sixth volume, acquire such commanding prominence in the seventh, that we feel greater justice is done to the writer, by following him consecutively from the beginning to the close of Mary's reign, than if we had merely noticed the volumes separately.

The sixth volume commences with a view of the state of Scotland after the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and tracing the regency of the Queen Dowager, the progress of the Reformation, and the return of Mary to her dominions, closes with her unhappy marriage with Darnley. From the State Papers, of which Mr. Tytler has made such excellent use, we find that previously to Mary's return, Elizabeth had secured the co-operation of the leading lay reformers; and that Murray, Mary's half-brother, at the very time when she believed him most devoted to her interests, was actually a pensioner and a spy of the English court. The proofs of this, which we owe to Mr. Tytler's research, throws a new and most important light on Scottish affairs. We no longer wonder at the boldness of the reformers, at the lofty tone of the lords of the Congregation, or that Knox so sternly rebuked the Queen from the pulpit; for what had they to fear from Mary, although supported by the Guises, when a greater than the Guises stood pledged to protect

them, and a large military force was ready on the borders to do so effectually if required?

The precipitate and imprudent marriage of Mary with Darnley, was the signal for the commencement of those plots, both of friends and enemies, which only ceased with her life. Murray openly withdrew from the Queen's councils, and once more acted in concert with Knox. The following estimate of this great man, who, perhaps, more than any other reformer, has been the object of unqualified praise and censure, is thus given by Mr. Tytler:—

"Murray was the slave of private ambition: his paramount desire evidently was to retain the great power which he possessed, and in his efforts to effect this, he repeated the same game which ambition has so often played; he masked his selfish projects under a zeal for religion. Knox, on the other hand, however fierce, dictatorial, and even unscrupulous as to means, was perfectly honest. No Church plunder can be traced to his hands; no pensions from England or France secured his services, nor is there the slightest evidence (at least I have discovered none) that at any time he pursued a scheme of personal aggrandisement, separate from that spiritual authority which attached itself to him as the great leader of the Reformation. His character was great, irregular, and imperfect. His views were often erroneous. In his mind many subjects assumed an undue importance and magnitude, whilst others, especially those connected with the practical influence of the gospel upon the heart and conduct, were often neglected or forgotten. But in his public career, he was consistent, fearless, sincere; the single object to which he devoted himself was to establish on a sure foundation, what he believed to be the only true faith—the only form of worship consistent with the declarations of Scripture, and the glory of God. It is needless to point out to what a height this raises him above Murray, Argyle, Lethington, and the crowd of venal barons by whom he was surrounded."

We believe, indeed, that to this sincerity, Knox owed the power which, beyond every other reformer, he possessed over the popular mind. This uprightness of intention gave unity of purpose, which rendered him irresistible; and the people, contrasting his integrity with the venality of all around, came to view him as possessed of supernatural attributes, and obeyed his every word. The rebellion of Murray was scarcely suppressed, when Mary's troubles respecting Riccio began.

"The influence of this Milanese adventurer had been gradually increasing. At this moment Maitland of Lethington, the secretary of state, was suspected of having been nearly connected with the rebellion of Murray, and, as a trustworthy servant was a prize rarely to be found, the queen began to consult her French secretary in affairs of secrecy and moment. The step was an imprudent one, and soon attended with the worst effects. It roused the jealousy of the king, a weak and suspicious youth, who deemed it an affront that a stranger of low origin should presume to interfere in state affairs; and it turned Riccio's head, who began to assume, in his dress, equipage, and establishment, a foolish state totally unsuited to his rank. In the meantime, his influence was great, and Murray bespoke his good offices by the present of a rich diamond, with a letter soliciting his assistance. Had Mary been left to herself, there is little doubt that her rebels would have been pardoned. Her natural generosity and the intercession of some powerful friends, strongly impelled her to the side of mercy; and she had already consented to delay the parliament, and to entertain proposals for the restoration of the banished lords, when an unforeseen circumstance occurred, which led to unfortunate results. This was the arrival of two gentlemen, de Rambouillet and Clernau, on a mission from the French court. Their message was outwardly one of mere ceremony, to invest the young king with the order of St. Michael, but amid the festivities attendant on the installation, a more important and secret communication took place. Clernau, the special envoy of the Cardinal Lorraine, and Thornton, a messenger from Beaton, the Scottish ambassador in France, who had come to court about

the same time, informed Mary of the coalition which had been concluded between France, Spain, and the Emperor, for the destruction of the Protestant cause in Europe. It was a design worthy of the dark and unscrupulous politicians by whom it had been planned—Catherine of Medici, and the Duke of Alva. * * Thornton accordingly brought from the Cardinal Lorraine the 'Band' or League which had been drawn up on this occasion; it was whispered that some of her friends in England were parties to it, and Mary was strongly urged to become a member of the coalition. * * Riccio, who at this moment possessed much influence, and was on good grounds suspected to be a pensioner of Rome, seconded these views with all his power. On the other hand she did not want advisers on the side of wisdom and mercy. Sir James Melvil, in Scotland, and Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, one of her most powerful friends in England, earnestly implored her to pardon Murray and adopt a conciliatory course. Mary was not naturally inclined to harsh or cruel measures, and for some time she vacillated between the adoption of temperate and violent counsels. But now the entreaties of her uncle the cardinal, the advice of her ambassador, the prejudices of her education, and the intolerance of the Protestants, and of Elizabeth, by whom she had been so often deceived, all united to influence her decision, and overmaster her better judgment. In an evil hour she signed the League, and determined to hurry on the parliament for the forfeiture of the rebels. This may, I think, be regarded as one of the most fatal errors of her life; and it proved the source of all her future misfortunes. She united herself to a bigotted and unprincipled association, which, under the mask of defending the truth, offered an outrage to the plainest precepts of the Gospel. She imagined herself a supporter of the Catholic Church, when she was giving her sanction to one of the worst corruptions of Romanism; and she was destined to reap the consequences of such a step in all their protracted bitterness."

Though Mary may in other respects be an object of pity, she must be held responsible for all the consequences of this fatal step. The moment her resolution was known, Murray and his friends determined on the removal of Riccio from her councils by assassination. For very different reasons, Darnley and his father had already formed a plot for Riccio's murder; and eventually Darnley and Murray, so lately at deadly feud, combined with Morton to accomplish their common purpose. The notice of this plot was communicated to Randolph, the English resident, and by him to Leicester.

"The consent and assistance of the leading Protestant barons was soon gained, and to neutralize any opposition on the part of their chief ministers was not found a difficult matter. They were in the deepest alarm at this moment. It was known that Mary had signed the Popish League; it was believed that Riccio corresponded with Rome, and there was no doubt that some measures for the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion were in preparation, and only waited for the parliament to be carried into execution. Having these gloomy prospects before their eyes, Knox and Craig, the ministers of Edinburgh, were made acquainted with the conspiracy; Bellenden the justice clerk, Makgill the clerk register, the lairds of Brunston, Calder, and Ormiston, and other leading men of that party were, at the same time, admitted into the secret. It was contended by Morton, that one only way remained to extirpate the Romish faith, and replace religion upon a secure basis; this was, to break off the parliament, by the murder of Riccio, to imprison the queen, entrust Darnley with the nominal sovereignty, and restore the Earl of Murray to be the head of the government. Desperate as were these designs, the Reformed party in Scotland did not hesitate to adopt them. Their horror of Idolatry, the name they bestowed on the Roman Catholic religion, misled their judgment and hardened their feelings, and they regarded the plot as the act of men raised up by God for the destruction of an accursed superstition. * * According to a common but revolting practice of this age, which combined the utmost feudal ferocity with a singular love of legal formalities, it was resolved, that 'Co-

venants' or contracts for the commission of the murder, and the benefits to be derived from it, should be entered into, and signed by the young king himself and the rest of the conspirators. Two 'Bands,' or 'Covenants,' were accordingly drawn up: the first ran in the king's name alone, although many were parties to it. It stated that the queen's 'gentle and good nature' was abused by some wicked and ungodly persons, specially an Italian stranger called David; it declared his resolution, with the assistance of certain of his nobility and others, to seize these enemies; and if any difficulty or resistance occurred, 'to cut them off immediately, and slay them wherever it happened,' and solemnly promised on the word of a prince, to maintain and defend his assistants and associates in the enterprise, though carried into execution in presence of the queen's majesty, and within the precincts of the palace. * * The second 'Covenant' has been also preserved. It was supplementary to the first, its purpose being to bind the king on the one hand, and the conspirators on the other, to the performance of those conditions which were considered for their mutual advantage. The parties to it were the King, the Earls of Murray, Argyle, Glencairn, and Rothes, the Lords Boyd and Ochiltree, and their 'complices.' They promised to support Darnley in all his just quarrels, to be friends to his friends, and enemies to his enemies; to give him the crown matrimonial, to maintain the Protestant religion, to put down its enemies, and uphold every reform founded on the word of God. For his part, the king engaged to pardon Murray and the banished lords, to stay all processings for their forfeiture, and to restore them to their lands and dignities."

Mary seems not even to have suspected the plot, and Riccio, although warned, disregarded it. The issue is known; but it has not hitherto been clearly ascertained, that when Mary passionately exclaimed "farewell tears, we must now think of revenge," these words were the signal for a second and more murderous "Covenant." The conduct of Mary at this period was evidently marked by great duplicity. Mr. Tytler observes, by way of apology—

"If we blame her duplicity, let it be remembered, that her own life, and that of her infant, were in jeopardy, that there was nothing unreasonable in the idea that the ruffians who had torn her secretary from her knees, and murdered him in her chamber, might, before many hours were over, be induced to repeat the deed upon herself. We may gather, indeed, from the dark and indefinite expressions of Randolph, in describing the approaching assassination, that their intentions, if she resisted their wishes, vacillated between murder and perpetual captivity."

Mary now obtained from her weak, vacillating husband the names of the chief persons engaged in the conspiracy, except that of Murray, whom, up to this moment, she appears never to have suspected. Enraged at this conduct, they, in their turn, accused Darnley, and laid the covenants before the Queen. This is expressly stated in a letter of Randolph to Cecil, where, after mentioning that the Queen had seen "all the covenants" that passed between the king and the lords, "and now findeth that his declaration before her and the Council of his innocency of the death of David was false," adds, that she determined to withdraw entirely from his society; and, in a subsequent letter, he states that she had sent a messenger to Rome, to endeavour to procure a divorce. Her approaching confinement, perhaps, delayed the prosecution of her plans, whatever they were, and meanwhile Darnley, disappointed by the Protestants, began to intrigue with the Romanists. His plots were discovered; but Mary was alarmed, and, by the advice of his father, she remonstrated with him. It seems to us, however, unlikely that she was ever reconciled to him, and that her objections to his leaving the country arose from a different cause to that which was openly stated by the Lords of the Council;—indeed, we cannot but believe that his pertinacious determination to go abroad,

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arose from some dark, though probably vague suspicion of danger. Just at this time, (the autumn of 1566), Mary repaired to the borders, to hold courts for the trial of her prisoners, and while here she visited the Earl of Bothwell, at his castle of the Hermitage. According to writers unfavourable to Mary, this visit was for the purpose of arranging the plot for the assassination of Darnley;—an opinion Mr. Tytler combats on the authority of a letter written by Lord Scrope to Cecil, in which he expressly states, that her visit lasted but two hours, and that it was paid in consequence of Bothwell having been severely wounded in her cause. But, immediately on her return, Mary was seized with a dangerous fever; and this is ascribed by her secretary, Lethington, to anxiety and distress, in consequence of the conduct of her husband. Neither the preceding nor subsequent events lead us to infer that Mary at this time cared much about her husband. Is it not more probable that she, the creature of impulse, had been fascinated by that "bold, bad man," who so soon after obtained ascendancy over her, and that her husband was no otherwise responsible for the fever, than as he stood in the way of the gratification of an uncontrollable passion? The closing paragraph of Lethington's letter seems darkly to hint the truth. After remarking that the king had recompensed her "with such ingratitude," he concludes, "that it is an heart-break to her, to think that he should be her husband, and how to be free of him she has no outgate"—(way of escape). From this illness Mary slowly recovered. Soon after, Murray, Lethington, and Bothwell, held a consultation with Huntley and Argyle, and proposed to Mary to promote a divorce, if she would pardon Morton and the other murderers of Riccio. To this she agreed. It was next proposed that Darnley should retire to a remote part of the country, or be sent to France. Mary answered by expressing a hope that "he might return to a better mind, and professed her own willingness to pass into France, and remain there until he acknowledged his faults." This was really carrying kindness too far, and that it was viewed as mere profession, seems evident from Maitland's answer:—

"To this Maitland, the secretary, made this remarkable reply, hinting darkly, that rather than subject their queen to such an indignity as retiring from her kingdom, it would be better to substitute murder for divorce. 'Madam,' said he, 'souce ye not we are here of the principal of your grace's nobility and council, that shall not find the mean well to make your majesty quit of him, without prejudice of your son; and albeit, that my lord of Murray here present, be little less scrupulous for a Protestant nor [than] your grace is for a Papist I am assured he will look through his fingers thereto, and will behold our doings, and say nothing thereto.' This speech alarmed the queen, who instantly replied, that it was her pleasure nothing should be done by which any spot might be laid upon her honour: 'better,' said she, 'permit the matter to remain in the state it is, abiding till God in his goodness put remedy thereto, [than] that ye believing to do me service may possibly turn to my hurt or displeasure.' To this Lethington replied, 'Madam, let us to guide the business among us, and your grace shall see nothing but good, and approved by parliament.'"

"It is possible," says Mr. Tytler, "that Mary considered her express command sufficient." But each of these nobles had before disobeyed Mary's express commands; and she well knew how obnoxious Darnley was to them all. We cannot therefore believe that she who had been brought up in a court where plots and assassinations were of common occurrence, would so easily assume that a mere prohibition of doing what "may possibly turn to my hurt or displeasure," would be sufficient to stay their purpose.

The conspiracy proceeded, and a "bond" was

drawn up for the murder of Darnley, similar to the one which that unhappy prince had prepared for the murder of Riccio, and it was placed in the custody of Bothwell—another proof that the plans of that daring noble were already formed. The existence of this "bond" has been doubted, but—

"The existence of a Bond for the murder of the king is proved by Ormiston's confession, (Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, p. 512,) who says he saw the Bond in Bothwell's hands, and describes its contents, affirming that it was signed by Huntly, Argyle, Lethington, and Sir James Balfour, and that Bothwell told him many more had promised their assistance. This contract was, he adds, devised by Sir James Balfour, and subscribed by them all a quarter of a year before the deed was done. Ormiston, in another part of his confession, observes, that Bothwell broke to him the purpose for the murder on the Friday before; and when he expressed reluctance to have any concern in it, he said, 'Tush, Ormiston, ye need not take fear for this, for the whole lords have concluded the same lang syne, in Craigmillar, all that was there with the queen.' The same Bond is minutely alluded to in a contemporary life of Mary, written in French, apparently by one of her domestics, who, although biased, seems to have had good opportunities of observation."

This "quarter of a year" refers to the very period of their interview with the Queen. The conduct of Mary subsequently was such, that we think no impartial reader can doubt her guilty knowledge. She openly, as we have seen, expressed her wish for a divorce; but from this time she does not appear to have made further allusion to the subject. Although Darnley and she had continued to be estranged for some months, immediately on the return of Morton, who was the last to sign the bond, she set out on a visit to him at Glasgow. He was taken by surprise; and at the interview expressed his fears of a plot against him, and pathetically added, that he could "never think that she who was his own flesh should do him any hurt." Mary answered him kindly, and gave him her hand:—

"When Mary left him, Darnley called Crawford to him, and informing him fully of all that had passed at the interview, bade him communicate it to his father, the Earl of Lennox. He then asked him what he thought of the queen's taking him to Craigmillar? She treats your majesty, said Crawford, too like a prisoner. Why should you not be taken to one of your own houses in Edinburgh? It struck me much the same way, answered Darnley, and I have fears enough, but may God judge between us, I have her promise only to trust to; but I have put myself in her hands, and I shall go with her, though she should murder me. It is from Crawford's evidence, taken on oath, which was afterwards produced, and still exists, endorsed by Cecil, that we learn these minute particulars, nor have I been able to discover any sufficient ground to doubt its truth. Soon after this interview, the queen carried her husband by slow journeys, from Glasgow to Edinburgh, where she arrived on the last day of January. It had been at first intended, as we have seen, that Darnley should have taken up his residence at Craigmillar, but this purpose was changed, and as the palace of Holyrood was judged from its low situation to be unhealthy, and little fitted for an invalid, the king was brought to a suburb called the Kirk of Field, a more remote and airy site, occupied by the town residence of the Duke of Chastelherault, and other buildings and gardens. On their arrival here, the royal attendants were about to proceed to the duke's lodging, as it was called, but on alighting, Mary informed them, that the king's apartments were to be in an adjoining house, which stood beside the town wall, not far from a ruinous Dominican Monastery, called the Black Friars. To this place she led Darnley, and making every allowance for the rudeness of the domestic accommodations of these times, it appears to have been an insecure and confined mansion. Its proprietor was Robert Balfour, a brother of that Sir James Balfour, whom we have already known as the deviser of the bond for the murder, which was drawn

up at Craigmillar, and then a dependent of Bothwell's. This earl, whose influence was now nearly supreme at court, had recently returned from Liddesdale; and when he understood that Mary and the king were on their road from Glasgow, he met them with his attendants, a short way from the capital, and accompanied the party to the Kirk of Field. At this moment the reconciliation between the queen and her husband seemed to be complete. She assiduously superintended every little detail which could add to his comfort. She treated him not only with attention but tenderness, passed much of the day in his society, and had a chamber prepared for herself immediately below his, where she slept. * * On Sunday the 9th of February, Bastian, a foreigner belonging to the household of the queen, was to be married at Holyrood. The bride was one of her favourite women, and Mary, to honour their union, had promised them a masque. The greatest part of that day she passed with the king. They appeared to be on the most affectionate terms, and she declared her intention of remaining all night at the Kirk of Field. It was at this moment, when Darnley and the queen were engaged in conversation, that Hay of Tallo, Hepburn of Bolton, and other ruffians whom Bothwell had hired for the purpose, secretly entered the chamber which was under the king's, and deposited on the floor a large quantity of gunpowder in bags. They then laid a train, which was connected with a 'lunt,' or slow match, and placed every thing in readiness for its being lighted. Some of them now hurried away, but two of the conspirators remained on the watch, and in the meantime Mary, who still sat with her husband in the upper chamber, recollected her promise of giving the masque at Bastian's wedding, and taking farewell of Darnley, embraced him and left the house with her suite. Soon after the king retired to his bed-chamber. Since his illness there appeared to have been a great change in him. He had become more thoughtful, and thought had brought with it repentance of his former courses. He lamented there were few near him whom he could trust, and at times he would say, that he knew he should be slain, complaining that he was hardly dealt with, but from these sorrows he had sought refuge in religion; and it was remarked that on this night, his last in this world, he had repeated the 55th Psalm, which he would often read and sing. After his devotion, he went to bed and fell asleep, Taylor, his page, being beside him in the same apartment. This was the moment seized by the murderers, who still lurked in the lower room, to complete their dreadful purpose, but their miserable victim was awakened by the noise of their false keys in the lock of his apartment, and rushing down in his shirt and pelisse, endeavoured to make his escape, but he was intercepted and strangled after a desperate resistance, his cries for mercy being heard by some women in the nearest house; the page was also strangled, and their bodies carried into a small orchard, without the garden wall, where they were found, the king in his shirt only, and the pelisse by his side. Amid the conflicting stories of the ruffians who were executed, it is difficult to arrive at the whole truth. But no doubt rests on the part acted by Bothwell, the arch-conspirator. He had quitted the king's apartment with the queen, and joined the festivities in the palace, from which about midnight he stole away, changed his rich dress, and rejoined the murderers who waited for him at the Kirk of Field. His arrival was the signal to complete their purpose; the match was lighted, but burnt too slow for their breathless impatience, and they were stealing forward to examine it, when it took effect. A loud noise like the bursting of a thunder-cloud awoke the sleeping city; the king's house was torn in pieces and cast into the air, and the assassins, hurrying from the spot, under cover of the darkness, regained the palace."

The account of Darnley's murder was received with apparent horror by the Queen, who immediately shut herself up in her chamber. On the occasion of her first husband's death, we find, from a letter of Throckmorton's, that she "did not see daylight for forty days;" and that during fifteen days of that time, no one save the King of France and his brothers were permitted to approach her. We may therefore well conceive the indignation of her subjects, when, after a

seclusion of only eight days, she removed to the seat of Lord Seton, in company with Argyle, Huntley, and Bothwell, each of whom were with her when the murder of her husband was darkly recommended, and each of whom had signed the bond; and only a few days later, while Lennox was supplicating the Queen for speedy justice on the murderers of his son, and the populace was loudly accusing Bothwell, Mary and he were openly amusing themselves with "shooting at the butts," against Huntley and Seton, and receiving a dinner at Tranent, as their forfeit. Her infatuation, indeed, seems incredible. The castle of Edinburgh, and other strongholds, were bestowed upon Bothwell, while the foreign ambassadors, and Elizabeth's council especially, were demanding that he should be brought to trial. He was constantly in her company, and so absolutely ruler, that when she at length agreed that his trial should take place, his friends and he appeared with a force of 4,000 men:—

"This formidable force kept possession of the streets, and filled the outer court of the palace; and as the castle was at his devotion, it was evident that Bothwell completely commanded the town. It was scarcely to be expected that a messenger whose errand was suspected to be a request for delay should be welcome, and although he announced himself to be bearer of a letter from Elizabeth, he was rudely treated, reproached as an English villain, who had come to stay the 'assize,' and assured that the queen was too busy with the matters of the day, to attend to other business. At that moment Bothwell himself, with the secretary Lethington, came out of the palace, and the Provost Marshal delivered the Queen of England's letters to the secretary, who, accompanied by Bothwell, carried them to Mary. No answer, however, was brought back, and after a short interval, the earl and the secretary again came out, and mounted their horses, when he eagerly pressed forward for his answer. Lethington then assured him that his royal mistress was asleep, and could not receive the letter; but the excuse was hardly uttered, before it was proved to be false, for at this moment, a servant of de Croc, the French ambassador, who stood beside the English envoy, looking up, saw, and pointed out the queen and Mary Fleming, wife of the secretary, standing at a window of the palace; nor did it escape their notice, that as Bothwell rode past, Mary gave him a friendly greeting for a farewell. The cavalcade then left the court, and proceeded to the Tolbooth, where the trial was to take place, Bothwell's hackbutters surrounding the door, and permitting none to enter who were suspected of being unfavourable to the accused. From the previous preparations, the result of such a trial might have been anticipated with certainty. The whole proceedings had already been arranged in a council, held some little time before, in which Bothwell had taken his seat, and given directions regarding his own arraignment. The jury consisted principally, if not wholly, of the favourers of the earl; the law officers of the crown were either in his interest, or overawed into silence, no witnesses were summoned, the indictment was framed with a flaw too manifest to be accidental, and his accuser, the Earl of Lennox, who was on his road to the city, surrounded by a large force of his friends, had received an order not to enter the town with more than six in his company. * * The jury were then chosen, the earl pleaded not guilty, and, in the absence of all evidence, a unanimous verdict of acquittal was pronounced."

At the opening of the Parliament, Mary chose Bothwell to bear the crown and sceptre before her, and—

"On the evening of the day on which the parliament rose (April 19), Bothwell invited the principal nobility to supper, in a tavern kept by a person named Ansley. They sat drinking till a late hour; and during the entertainment a band of two hundred hackbutters surrounded the house and overawed its inmates. The earl then rose and proposed his marriage with the queen, affirming that he had gained her consent, and even (it is said) producing her written warrant, empowering him to propose the matter to her nobility. Of the guests some were his

sworn friends, others were terrified and irresolute; and in the confusion one nobleman, the Earl of Eglington, contrived to make his escape; but the rest, both Papist and Protestant, were overawed into compliance, and affixed their signatures to a Bond, in which they declared their conviction of Bothwell's innocence, and recommended 'this noble and mighty lord' as a suitable husband for the queen, whose continuance in solitary widowhood they declared was injurious to the interests of the commonwealth. The most influential persons who signed this disgraceful instrument were the Earls of Morton, Argyle, Huntly, Cassillis, Sutherland, Glencairn, Rothes, and Caithness; and of the lords, Herries, Hume, Boyd, Seton and Sinclair."

Notice was immediately sent to Elizabeth, who had been an anxious spectator of these disgraceful scenes; and the letter addressed by Grange to the Earl of Bedford affords us a characteristic trait of Mary's impetuous temper. She was heard to say, "that she cared not to lose France, England, and her own country for him, and shall go with him to the world's end in a white petticoat before she leave him." The following letter shows how little her pretext of a forcible seizure was believed, even at the time:

"This is to advertise you, that the Earl Bothwell's wife is going to part with her husband; and a great part of our lords have subscribed the marriage between the queen and him. The queen rode to Stirling this last Monday and returns this Thursday. I doubt not but you have heard how the Earl of Bothwell has gathered many of his friends, and, as some say, to ride in Liddesdale, but I believe it is not, for he is minded to meet the queen this day called Thursday, and to take her by the way and bring her to Dunbar. Judge you if it be with her will or no? but you will hear at more length on Friday or Saturday, if you will find it good that I continue in writing as occasion serves. I wald ye reif this after the reading; this bearer knows nothing of this matter. There is no other thing presently to write of; but after all you will please receive my hearty commendations by him that is your's, that took you by the hand. At midnight."

The sequel cannot be better told than in Mr. Tytler's forcible words:—

"Mary was now swept forward by the current of a blind and infatuated passion. A divorce between Bothwell and his countess, Lady Jane Gordon, was procured with indecent haste, and it was suspected that the recent restoration of his consistorial rights to the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, had been made with this object. The process was hurried through the Court of that Prelate, and the Commissariat or reformed court, in two days. After a brief residence at Dunbar, under the roof of the man accused of the murder of her husband, and the forcible seizure of her person, the queen and Bothwell rode to the capital. As she entered the town, his followers cast away their spears, to save themselves, as was conjectured, from any charge of treason, and their master, with apparent courtesy, dismounting, took the queen's bridle, and led her into the castle under a salvo of artillery. It was a sight which her friends beheld with the deepest sorrow, and her enemies with triumph and derision. * * *

"The church was ordered to proclaim the banns of the queen's marriage. This they peremptorily refused. Craig, one of the ministers, Knox being now absent, alleged as his excuse, that Mary had sent no written command, and stated the common report that she had been ravished, and was kept captive by Bothwell. Upon this, the Justice Clerk brought him a letter signed by the queen herself, asserting the falsehood of such a story, and requiring his obedience. He still resisted, demanded to be confronted with the parties, and in presence of the privy council, where Bothwell sat, this undaunted minister laid to his charge the dreadful crimes of which he was suspected, rape, adultery, and murder. To the accusation no satisfactory answer was returned, but Craig, having exonerated his conscience, did not deem himself entitled to disobey the express command of his sovereign. He therefore proclaimed the banns in the High Church, but from the pulpit, and in presence of the congregation, added these appalling words: 'I take heaven and earth to wit-

ness, that I abhor and detest this marriage, as odious and slanderous to the world, and I would exhort the faithful to pray earnestly that a union against all reason and good conscience, may yet be overruled by God, to the comfort of this unhappy realm.'

But nothing availed to turn the Queen from her infatuated course, and we are scarcely surprised that the common people asserted that she had been bewitched by the spells of "Bothwell, blak maister John Spens, and the lady of Bukleuch":—

"On the 15th of May, the marriage took place at four in the morning in the presence chamber at Holyrood. It was remarked that Mary was married in her mourning weeds. The ceremony was performed after the rite of the Protestant church by the Bishop of Orkney; Craig, the minister of Edinburgh, being also present. In the sermon which he preached on the occasion, the bishop professed Bothwell's penitence for his former evil life, and his resolution to amend and conform himself to the church. Few of the leading nobility were present, the event was unattended with the usual pageants and rejoicings, the people looked on in stern and gloomy silence, and next morning a paper with this ominous verse was fixed to the palace gates:—

"Mense malus Malo nubere vulgus ait."

We have been so copious in our extracts, that our space will not allow us to follow Mr. Tytler through his interesting narrative of the results of this disgraceful marriage, nor to trace the intrigues of Murray until he attained the regency, the great object of his ambition. The following is his account of Mary's escape from Loch Leven, derived from original authorities:—

"Since her interview with Murray, the captive queen had exerted all the powers of fascination which she so remarkably possessed, to gain upon her keepers. The severe temper of the regent's mother, the lady of the castle, had yielded to their influence, and her son George Douglas, the younger brother of Lochleven, smitten by her beauty, and flattered by her caresses, enthusiastically devoted himself to her interest. It was even asserted that he had aspired to her hand, that his mother talked of a divorce from Bothwell, and that Mary, never insensible to admiration, and solicitous to secure his services, did not check his hopes. However this may be, Douglas for some time had bent his whole mind to the enterprise, and on one occasion, a little before this, had nearly succeeded; but the queen, who had assumed the dress of a laundress, was detected by the extraordinary whiteness of her hands, and carried back in the boat which she had entered to her prison. This discovery had nearly ruined all, for Douglas was dismissed from the castle, and Mary more strictly watched; but nothing could discourage her own enterprise, or the zeal of her servant. He communicated with Lord Seton and the Hamiltons, he carried on a secret correspondence with the queen; he secured the services of a page who waited on his mother, called Little Douglas, and by his assistance at length effected his purpose. On the evening of the 2nd of May, this youth, in placing a plate before the castellan, contrived to drop his napkin over the key of the gate of the castle, and carried it off unperceived; he hastened to the queen, and hurrying down to the outer gate, they threw themselves into the little boat which lay there for the service of the garrison. At that moment Lord Seton and some of her friends were intently observing the castle from their concealment on a neighbouring hill; a party waited in the village below, while nearer still, a man lay watching on the brink of the lake. They could see a female figure with two attendants glide swiftly from the outer gate. It was Mary herself, who breathless with delight and anxiety, sprang into the boat, holding a little girl, one of her maidens, by the hand, while the page, by locking the gate behind them, prevented immediate pursuit. In a moment, her white veil with its broad red fringe (the concerted signal of success) was seen glancing in the sun, the sign was recognized and communicated, the little boat, rowed by the page and the queen herself, touched the shore, and Mary, springing out with the lightness of recovered freedom, was received first by George Douglas, and almost instantly after by Lord Seton and his friends. Throwing herself on horses

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back, she rode at full speed to the Ferry, crossed the firth, and galloped to Niddry, having been met on the road by Lord Claud Hamilton with fifty horse. Here she took a few hours rest, wrote a hurried despatch to France, dispatched Hepburn of Riccarton to Dunbar, with the hope that the castle would be delivered to her, and commanded him to proceed afterwards to Denmark, and carry to his master, Bothwell, the news of her deliverance. Then again taking horse, she galloped to Hamilton, where she deemed herself in safety."

But Mary was still doomed to disappointment. The battle of Langside followed, and, flying thence, she never "ventured to draw bridle till she found herself in the abbey of Dundrennan, sixty miles from the field." Her flight into England followed—"a hasty and fatal resolution," says Mr. Tytler. But it must be observed, that Mary was not betrayed into the course now taken; on the contrary, she knew that she should be an unwelcome guest, and, before an answer from the governor of Carlisle could be received, "she had taken a boat, and passed over in her riding dress, and soiled with travel, to Wokington, in Cumberland." This is an important fact, and now established, on the evidence of the letter from the governor to Cecil. The popular belief, therefore, that Elizabeth, or at least her ministers, inveigled Mary into England, and are consequently chargeable with all the troubles of her subsequent captivity, is groundless. Indeed, we have little doubt that Elizabeth, with her far-reaching views, was as unwilling to become Mary's "jailer" as ever Knollys could have been. But Mary was actually in the land—she refused to go back—and what was to be done? The difficulties of the case are candidly summed up by Mr. Tytler:—

"Here, although I must strongly condemn the conduct of the English Queen, it is impossible not to see the difficulties by which she was surrounded. The party which it was her interest to support, was that of Murray and the Protestants. She looked with dread on France, and the resumption of French influence in Scotland. Within her own realm, the Roman Catholics were unquiet and discontented, and in Ireland constantly on the eve of rebellion—if such a word can be used for the resistance of a system too grinding to be tamely borne. All these impatient spirits looked to Mary as a point of union and strength. Had she been broken by her late reverses, had she manifested a sense of the imprudence by which she had been lately guided, or evinced any desire to reform her conduct, or forgive her subjects who had risen against the murderer of her husband more than against herself, the queen might have been inclined to a more favourable course. But the very contrary was the case. Her first step after her escape had been to resume her correspondence with Bothwell. His creatures Hepburn of Riccarton, and the two Ormiston, blotted as accomplices in his crime, had frequent access to her. In her conversations with Knollys and Scrope, she could not repress her anticipations of victory and purposes of vengeance, if once again a free princess. She declared, that rather than have peace with Murray, she would submit to any extremity, and call help from Turkey before she gave up the contest, and she lamented bitterly that the delays of Elizabeth emboldened the traitors who had risen against her. Was the Queen of England at such a crisis, and having such a rival in her power, to dismiss her at her first request, and permit her to overwhelm her friends and allies, to re-establish the Roman Catholic party, and possibly the Roman Catholic religion in Scotland? After such conduct, could it be deemed either unlooked for, or extraordinary, should she fall from the proud position she now held, as the head of the Protestant party in Europe? So argued the far-sighted Cecil, and the queen his mistress followed, or it is probable in this instance anticipated his counsel."

We must here conclude; but not without expressing our commendation of the research, the careful comparison of conflicting statements, and the impartiality of the historian.

The Thames and its Tributaries; or, Rambles among the Rivers. By C. Mackay. 2 vols. Bentley.

THE Thames and its Tributaries! What a world of associations does not the very title call up! How much of the history, the power, the commerce, the learning, the genius of England, is associated with the history of Old Father Thames. Not one, but many hands, might have been well employed in gathering together and illustrating the thousand traditions and remembrances which crowd upon the mind when tracing the progress of the river from the tiny well, where it bubbles forth into daylight, to the magnificent estuary, where its waters mingle with the ocean. But we must not be thought discontented with Mr. Mackay, because we are conscious of the wealth and the poetry of his subject. As a book to be interleaved, 'The Thames and its Tributaries' supplies an existing want; and the author is so cheerful in his style, and has been, generally, so diligent in his gathering, that the general reader may be well contented with his labours, the more especially as they are copiously illustrated by faithful wood-vignettes.

It is impossible, with a subject so vast, to trace out even its principal features in limits like ours. Oxford—Windsor—Richmond with its neighbourhood, haunted by the poets, would come into one division; London, by itself, into a second,—a book has been written about Old London Bridge alone! another is in progress concerning the Tower, and surely a library might be spun out of the traditions and reminiscences of Westminster; while a third section, hardly less rich in matter, must sweep from the Pool to the Nore. The best thing, then, that we can do, having generally characterized Mr. Mackay's pretensions and manner, will be to offer a specimen of both. He shall first introduce the subject:—

"Man speaks of the 'Mother Earth,' from whence he came, and whither he returns; but, after all, the honour of his maternity belongs to WATER. Earth is but the nurse of another's progeny; she merely nourishes the children of a more prolific element, by whom she herself is fed and clothed in return. Water is the universal mother,—the beneficent, the all fructifying,—beautiful to the eye, refreshing to the touch, pleasant to the palate, and musical to the ear. * * We may pity the idolatry, but cannot condemn the feelings, which led mankind in the early ages to pay divine honours to the ocean and the streams. It was soon recognised that water was the grand reservoir of health, the source of plenty, the beautifier, the preserver, and the renovator of the world. Venus, rising from the sea-froth in immortal loveliness, typifies its uses and beneficence: water was the first parent of that goddess, who was afterwards to become the mother of love and the emblem of fruitfulness. Poseidon in the Greek, and Neptune in the Roman mythology, ranked among the benevolent gods; and the ocean-queen Amphitrite was adorned with a loveliness only second to that of Venus. In other parts of the world, Ocean, from its immensity, was more an object of terror; but rivers have everywhere been the objects of love and adoration. A set of the ancient Persians revered them so highly, that they deemed it sacrilege to pollute them. For countless ages the dwellers by the Ganges have looked upon it as a god, and have deemed it the summit of human felicity to be permitted to expire upon its banks. The Egyptian still esteems the Nile above all earthly blessings; and the Abyssinian worships it as a divinity. Superstition has peopled these and a thousand other streams with a variety of beings, or personified them in human shapes, the better to pay them homage. Rivers all over the world are rich in remembrances. To them are attached all the poetry and romance of a nation. Popular superstition clings around them, and every mile of their course is celebrated for some incident,—is the scene of a desperate adventure, a mournful legend, or an old song. What a swarm of pleasant thoughts rise upon the memory at the sole mention of the Rhine!—what a

host of recollections are recalled by the name of the Danube, the Rhone, the Garonne, the Meuse, the Seine, the Loire, the Tagus, the Guadalquivir!—even the low-banked and unpicturesque Elbe and Scheldt are dear as household things to the neighbouring people. Their praises are sung in a hundred different idioms; and the fair maidens who have dwelt upon their banks, and become celebrated for their beauty, their cruelty, or their woe, have had their names mingled with that of the river in the indissoluble bands of national song. To the man who has a catholic faith in poetry, every river in Scotland may be said to be holy water. Liddell, and Tweed, and Dee,—Tiviot, and Tay, and Forth, and doleful Yarrow, sanctified by a hundred songs. Poetry and romance have thrown a charm around them, and tourists from every land are familiar with their history. Great writers have thought it a labour of love to collect into one focus all the scattered memoranda and fleeting scraps of ballads relating to them, until those insignificant streams have become richer than any of our isle in recollections which shall never fade. *And what has been done for these, shall none be bound to do for thee, O Thames? "

We shall now take, as a specimen of his manner, the course of a tributary, the Mole:—

"Which is formed by the junction of several small springs on the borders of Sussex and Surrey. It is for many miles an inconsiderable brook, until it reaches Dorking, where it first acquires the importance of a river. It was just dawn on a summer's day, and not too warm, when we commenced our ramble on its banks. We determined to trace it up to Dorking, through Letherhead, Mickleham, and all that lovely country, and then to strike across the pleasant range of hills, a continuation of those known by the name of the Hog's-back, to Guildford, from whence we might trace downwards another river,

The chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave, until it also pours its tributary waters into the Thames at Weybridge. In pursuance of this plan, we made Hampton Court our point of departure, and crossing the bridge strolled down towards Esher. Like most of the villages that lie within a circuit of fifty miles of the metropolis, Esher is clean, quiet, and agreeable. It is, however, not remarkable in itself, but owes all its renown to its contiguity to Esher Place, once the residence of Wolsey; and to Claremont House, where the Princess Charlotte resided during her brief period of wedded life, and where she died in childbirth, in November 1817. Esher Place occupies the site of the ancient edifice in which the great Cardinal occasionally resided. * * The old building in which he resided was pulled down more than seventy years ago by Mr. Pelham, with the exception of the two towers, and rebuilt by that gentleman at a great expense, in the same style of architecture as before. * * Claremont, a short distance south of Esher, was originally erected by Sir John Vanbrugh, and then came into the possession of the Earl of Clare, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, from whom it took its name, and who enlarged and beautified it. Sir Samuel Garth wrote a poem on the occasion. * * From Claremont the Mole passes through private enclosures, and is lost to the wayfarer until he arrives at Cobham. This village is a great resort of anglers, the river containing abundance of pike, trout, gudgeons, dace, and eels. The village was in ancient days the property of the abbots of Chertsey. One of them, a lover of good living, and of the gentle craft, made a fish-pond at great expense, which is said to have been a mile in circumference, but which is now choked up. There are here two neat bridges over the Mole. The first bridge was erected by the good Matilda, queen of Henry the First, more than seven hundred years ago, in consequence of the death of one of her maids of honour, who was unfortunately drowned in passing the ford. It was the same benevolent lady who built the bridge of Stratford le Bow, near London. From Cobham to Letherhead the high road runs occasionally in sight of the Mole, which it crosses by a bridge at Stoke d'Abernon, a pretty village, celebrated for its extensive common and its fine oak trees. * * Letherhead is mentioned in Domesday Book, and frequently in later documents. It contains a picturesque old church, abounding in monuments with quaint inscriptions; and a neat bridge of fourteen small arches over the Mole. There is an old house, which has, however, been several times

renovated, called the Mansion House, noted as the residence at one time of the infamous Judge Jefferies. Near the bridge is an old-fashioned public-house, said to be the identical house formerly kept by Eleanor Rumming, celebrated by Skelton, Poet Laureate of the reigns of Henry Seventh and Eighth, in his poem entitled 'The Tunning of Elynor Rumming, the noted Ale-wife of England.' * * The walk from Letherhead through Mickleham, Norbury Park, and up a by-road to the summit of Boxhill, is one of the most beautiful we ever traversed. * * The village of Mickleham, at the foot of Boxhill, is a sweet rural spot, with a modest and venerable church. * * Norbury Park, adjoining, is one of the finest seats in the county. The river Mole runs through the grounds; and although occasionally in very hot weather its channel is almost dry, it generally contains sufficient water to be the most pleasing ornament of the landscape. The views from the windows of the dwelling-house are exceedingly beautiful; and the walls of the saloon, painted by Barret, are so managed as to appear a continuation of the prospect. About three miles to the south-east rises Boxhill, nearly five hundred feet above the level of the Mole, and from whence the windings of the river may be traced for many miles. Just below is seen the solemn-looking town of Dorking, with the commanding eminence of Leith Hill, about six miles beyond it. To the right, the range of hills leading to Guildford and Farnham, and on the left, Betchworth, Reigate, and all that beautiful country. Descending this hill, we cross the Mole and arrive at Dorking. * * The stranger at Dorking will find much to interest him; he walks in the neighbourhood are fine and the air bracing. But the ramble among the hills over the Hog's-back, to Guildford, is the most delightful of all. We now lose sight of the Mole, and approach its pleasant sister the Wey; less beautiful, it is true, and passing through a country less picturesque, but still worthy of a visit, and offering many reminiscences to the man who takes pleasure in local histories and traditions. The distance is not above eight miles between the Mole and the Wey, and the road is for the most part on a beautiful ridge, from which, at every turn, some pleasant view may be obtained. Guildford is situated upon the Wey, and its antiquities, alone, afford ample materials for a volume."

We regret to be unable to stop at Guildford, while Mr. Mackay so pleasantly sketches the fortunes of Archbishop Abbot, prefigured, so say the gossips, in his mother's marvellous dream:—

"Guildford abounds in reminiscences of this prelate. Opposite the church is Trinity Hospital, founded by him in the year 1619. He settled lands upon it, to the annual value of 300*l.*; a third of which sum was to be employed in setting the poor to work, and the other two portions to be appropriated to the maintenance of a master, twelve poor brethren, and eight poor sisters, to wear blue coats and gowns, and have an allowance of two shillings and sixpence a week. The hospital is of a quadrangular form, with a noble tower-gate, crowned with four turrets at the entrance. The chapel attached is spacious and lofty, ornamented with two beautiful Gothic windows of stained glass, representing scriptural subjects. It has been said erroneously, that the Archbishop erected this hospital as an atonement for the involuntary homicide which he committed while hunting, and which proved a source of great sorrow and discomfort to him during the rest of his life. The accident happened in 1621, two years after the foundation of the hospital. Being invited by Lord Zouch to hunt in Bramshill Park, he took up a cross-bow to make a shot at a buck; but unfortunately hit the keeper, who had run in among the herd of deer to bring them up to a fairer mark. The arrow pierced the left arm; and dividing the large axillary vessels, caused almost instantaneous death. The Archbishop was in the deepest affliction: the event caused quite a commotion in the Church; for by the canon law he was tainted, and rendered incapable of performing any sacred function; and by the common law, his personal estate was forfeited to the King. * * The doctors of ecclesiastical law were consulted upon the course to be adopted; and after some delay, it was finally agreed that the King should grant him a full pardon for the homicide, under the grand

seal, and restore him to all his ecclesiastical authority. A commission of eight bishops, instituted for the purpose, at the same time granted him a dispensation in full form. The Archbishop retired to his native Guildford during the progress of these debates, and passed his time in prayer and fasting. He instituted a monthly fast in memory of the accident, which he religiously observed during the remainder of his life, and settled an annuity of 20*l.* upon the widow of the deceased.

"Passing along the high road from Guildford, and descending the current of the Wey, we arrive at the green of Ripley, famous formerly, and we believe still, for its cricket-matches. A little further on is Ockham, the seat of the Earl of Lovelace; and at the distance of about a mile, on the opposite bank of the Wey, the ruins of Newark Abbey."

We shall now vary our illustrations with the ballad showing how the Monks of Newark anticipated Mr. Brunel, by travelling under the river, that they might clandestinely visit the sweet nuns of Ockham:—

The Monks of the Wey seldom sang any psalms,
And little they thought of religious psalms.
Ranting, rollicking, frolicsome, gay,
Jolly old boys were the Monks of the Wey.

Trala-lala! Lara-la!

To the sweet nuns of Ockham devoting their cares,
They had but short time for their beads and their prayers.
For the love of the maidens they sigh'd night and day,
And neglected devotion—these Monks of the Wey.

Trala-lala! Lara-la!

And happy, I faith, might these monks have been
If the river had not rolled between
Their abbey dark and the convent grey
That stood on the opposite side of the Wey.

Trala-lala! Lara-la!

For daily they sigh'd, and nightly they pined,
Little to anchorite rules inclined;
So smitten with beauty's charms were they,
These rollicking, frolicsome Monks of the Wey.

Trala-lala! Lara-la!

But the scandal was great in the country near,
They dared not row across for fear,
And they could not swim, so fat were they,
These oily amorous Monks of the Wey.

Trala-lala! Lara-la!

Loudly they groan'd for their fate so hard,
From the smiles of these beautiful maids debar'd,
Till a brother hit on a plan to stay
The woe of these heart-broken Monks of the Wey!

Trala-lala! Lara-la!

"Nothing," quoth he, "should true love sunder,
Since we cannot go over, let us go under!
Boats and bridges shall yield to clay,
We'll dig a tunnel beneath the Wey."

Trala-lala! Lara-la!

To it they went with right good will,
With spade and shovel, and pike and bill,
And from evening's close till the dawn of day,
They worked like miners all under the Wey.

Trala-lala! Lara-la!

And every night as their work began,
Each sang of the charms of his favourite nun.
"How surprised they will be, and how happy," said they,
"When we pop in upon them from under the Wey."

Trala-lala! Lara-la!

And for months they kept grubbing and making no sound,
Like other black moles darkly under the ground;
And no one suspected such going astray,
So sly were these amorous Monks of the Wey.

Trala-lala! Lara-la!

At last their fine work was brought near to a close,
And early one morn from their pallets they rose,
And met in their tunnel, with lights, to survey,
If they'd scooped a free passage right under the Wey.

Trala-lala! Lara-la!

But, alas, for their fate! as they smirk'd and they smiled,
To think how completely the world was beguiled,
The river broke in, and it grieves me to say,
It drown'd all the frolicsome Monks of the Wey.

Trala-lala! Lara-la!

O churchmen! beware of the lures of the flesh;
The net of the devil hath many a mesh;
And remember, whenever you're tempted to stray,
The fate that befel the poor Monks of the Wey.

Trala-lala! Lara-la!

We now resume our course:—

"Ockham Park was purchased by the Lord Chancellor King in 1711, and is now the seat of his descendant, the Earl of Lovelace, and his Countess—the daughter of Byron. In the village church there is a handsome monument to the memory of the first Lord. In the churchyard, some wag, whose wit was not awed even by Death, has inscribed the following on the grave-stone of one Spong, a carpenter:—

Though many a sturdy oak he laid along,
Fell'd by Death's surer hatchet, here lies Spong:

Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get,
And liv'd by railing, though he had no wit.
Old sages he had, although no antiquarian,
And stiles corrected, yet was no grammarian.
Long lived he Ockham's premier architect,
And lasting as his fame, a tomb 'ere set
In vain we seek an artist such as he,
Whose pales and gates were for eternity.

"As we descend the current of the river from this place, the distance between the Mole and the Wey becomes less at every step, until at Wisly Common they approach so near as to be scarcely a mile asunder. The high road skirting Pain's Hill crosses the road at Cobham, and to follow the windings of the Wey, the traveller must take to the by-roads on the left-hand, and so on to Byfleet, a small place, where it is said there was formerly a royal palace, but of which there are no remains. Henry VIII. when an infant, was, according to tradition, nursed in this village. The court at the time resided at Greenwich, and the royal bantling was probably sent away, for the advantage of the pure air of Surrey, or, perhaps, because he was even then obstreperous. Byfleet was the residence of Joseph Spence, so well-known for his anecdotes of Pope. He was rector of Great Horwood in Buckinghamshire, but only visited that place once a year. He lost his life in his own garden at Byfleet in a melancholy manner. He was found dead on the 20th of August, 1768, lying upon his face in a small canal where the water was not of sufficient depth to cover his head or any part of his body. It was supposed that he fell in an apoplectic fit, and was suffocated by the water. Dr. Warton visited Spence at Byfleet in 1754, and obtained from him many particulars relating to Pope, which he afterwards published. Byfleet is situate on a smaller branch of the Wey, the main current of the river flowing about three quarters of a mile to the left. Following either branch, on which there is nothing remarkable, we arrive at Weybridge, a considerable village, that takes its name from the bridge over the stream. There are some fine seats in the neighbourhood:—Outlands, of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter; Ham House, and Woburn Farm. Ham House, which has often been confounded by the Guide-books with the Ham House near Richmond, the seat of the Countess of Dysart, is an old building, seated amid tall and venerable trees. It belonged originally to the family of Howard, but was granted by James the Second to Catharine, the daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, whom he had seduced, and then created Countess of Dorchester. She afterwards married the Earl of Portmore, whose descendant is still the proprietor of Ham, and many monuments of whose family are to be seen in the church of Weybridge. James the Second passed much of his time here with his fair mistress; and a passage is shown in which he is said to have concealed himself on the advance of the Prince of Orange. This, however, seems to be a mistake. James being at Whitehall, was advised, or, more properly speaking, ordered, to take refuge in Ham House; but it was at the Ham House near Richmond, then the seat of the Duchess of Lauderdale; but he was apprehensive that he would not be in safety so near London, and therefore obtained permission to retire to Rochester. Within a short distance of this place, the Wey discharges his waters into the lap of his suzerain."

And here, closing our ramble for the present, we may point out an omission and a mistake. How is it that Mr. Mackay could forget one of England's worthies, John Evelyn, whose works are among the most national of her literary treasures, and whose seat at Wotton he must have passed on his route from Dorking to Guildford, and make mention of Ham House, as a "fine seat in the neighbourhood" of Weybridge, seeing that it was pulled down more than thirty years ago? Again, and giving Mr. Mackay credit for a catholic spirit, how is it that he takes no notice of the new hotel at Weybridge, one of the very few specimens of modern architecture, worth a pilgrimage to look upon, and the more deserving honourable mention from all men of taste, because it must be some half century at least before the common herd, high or low, will have been taught to appreciate it?

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OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The History of the Celtic Language, &c., by L. Maclean, F.O.S.—Goropius Becanus endeavoured to prove that High Dutch was the language that Adam and Eve spoke in Paradise; and Mr. Maclean's present endeavour goes to prove that Goropius said the thing which was not: inasmuch as that Adam and Eve conducted their disputes matrimonial in Celtic. The claims of the latter "sacred language—the emanation of the gods"—are mainly established by the use of italic characters, enforcing the requisite number of etymologies, as thus:—"Theogony—Cosmogony—Ophogony—and so forth;" and by such assertions as that there is "more true classical tone to be met with in Mull than in Greece." This variety of Festus's madness is by no means uncommon, being epidemic among all the admirers of the Celtic of all times, whether Irish, Scotch, Welch, or Phœnician. As a specimen of the sort of judgment brought by the author to his task of word-hunting, we may cite his assertion that "the English *Orrey* means a representation of the *Aur* or heavens." We had always thought that the instrument was so called after the Earl of that name. If, as Steele supposed, Mr. Rowley, the mathematical instrument maker, was the inventor, his acquaintance with *aur* could hardly extend beyond its derivative *aurum*, which, however, we readily admit signifies the heavenly metal *par excellence*. Mr. Maclean tells us in his preface, *intelligibilia non intellectum adfero*. Whether this be *wholly* true we cannot say: as far as we are concerned, we doubt of the first clause of the sentence. Seriously, with such logic and such facts, as Mr. Maclean brings to bear on his subject, he might prove anything or everything. *Au reste*, as to the Celtic being a very ancient, primitive, and once widely diffused tongue, we have nothing to say against the same.

Gregory VII., a Tragedy, with an Essay on Tragic Influence, by R. H. Horne.—Mr. Horne is a clever man; but cleverness may run into conceit, thought into mysticism, and poetry mistake its way: and there is nothing so conducive to these undesirable conclusions, as brooding over the neglect and injustice of the world, whether real or imaginary—whether personal of the man, or general of the art which he professes. Mr. Horne would do better to moralize on the Sage of Ferney's *poco-curante* philosophy: "when a poor author is ill-used," says he, "nine-tenths of the world know nothing about it, the other tenth laughs; I with them. For some thirty to forty years I took the thing seriously." The necessity of prefixing long and controversial prefaces to plays seems to be epidemic. Victor Hugo selected for the enunciation of his paradoxical theory, the blank pages before his 'Cromwell.' Sir Edward Bulwer has thrown defiance at his critics, and appealed to his country, on a like occasion. In a preface, George Sand consoles herself for the utter failure of her 'Cosima.' The most amusing circumstance connected with Madame Emile de Girardin's suppressed comedy of 'L'Ecole des Journalistes' is her preface, taken in conjunction with the sprightly fencing of MM. Jules Janin and Granier de Cassagnac. Every unsuccessful dramatist, in short, fancies himself "Prologue, with a cocked hat," forgetting, that if his work be worth a single unbribed plaudit, he is obtrusively in the way of the public, who are impatient for the rising of the curtain. Mr. Horne's 'Essay on Tragic Influence' is an exposition of a theory which, when translated into plain English, has very little novelty. Mr. Horne assumes, that "were the question started as to what are the essential differences between the last scene of an acted tragedy and a public execution—the crime and the punishment being supposed as the same in either case—it may be assumed that there are very few private circles, even of educated people, in which any clear and sufficient grounds of distinction would be elicited." This may be; but there has been, of late years, an increasing demand for the writings of Hazlitt, who long since explained "these essential differences;" and if he failed to make the subject intelligible, we doubt much whether the truth will be made clearer by one who expounds it after the new fashion:—"The question involves the deepest results; but the world is abounding in sincere men, if their hearts be but touched to the core; and where once an extreme truth is set afloat upon the mighty

waters, it is certain in time to be gathered up by those who feel it strongest. Out of the heart's passionate exaltation, its anguish and despair, its desolate oblivion of time and the world's life, the essential truth of things cries with a loud voice, infallible as lasting. Its impulsive generalizations are universally intelligible, springing as they do from the very fountain-head of enduring nature; while even its most exceptive individual fallacies are found to strike, by however oblique a blow, upon the very key-note of some general facts familiar to the experience of mankind." In this strain is the dissertation carried on through twenty-seven pages. We followed its turnings and windings patiently, and with every wish to be satisfied; but before we reached the high-sounding conclusion, Cleopatra's interpretation of Caesar's civility again and again recurred to us. There is, in fact, a perversity and want of judgment, which must hinder Mr. Horne from attaining the honours he so much desires, even if he had the required genius; and these faults are so inextricably twined with the merits of his tragedy, that to disentangle the good from the bad, the pathos from the bombast, the grace from the distortion, would demand more time and patience than we are inclined to bestow on the subject. As a whole, the figure of the stalwart, fiery, and ambitious Hildebrand has been forcibly conceived; but what language is the following, to be placed in the mouth of such a Boanerges, when hot from the outrage of striking Pope Alexander in the church of St. John Lateran?—

Hildebrand. Form no decision; hear me first I say!
Form no decision; fie on irrational tongues,
And hasty judgments; noise and blind reproof!
Are ye a deafening land-storm wildly raging,
And would ye tear the sheltering forest down?
Trust not yourselves upon a barren heath;
Trust not the Emperor's frail and worldly strength;
Look to the *See of Rome!* but look ye well!
That giant-power be emblem'd by a giant,
Not by a yearning lamb. Oh, sons of Rome—
Nobles and dignitaries of the church—
Pardon me! pardon me a fatal act—
I mean the ignorance of erring choice—
I mean the choice of weakness 'stead of strength—
I mean the installation of Pope Alexander.
Lo! he hath perilled all your rights and power;
Your fortunes, and the purity of your faith;
The very stature of the pontifical office.
Behold, the corner stone of the Vatican
Trembled! I rushed to save it from the crash,
And in the doing did forget myself
In acting for the safety of us all.
Pope Alexander I pronounce a worm!
Ye must not let him teach us how to crawl
Before an emperor's footstool; rather say
He shall be cast down from the Pontiff's seat,
Whereon my ignorance besought ye place him!

It is not necessary to point out the prosaic feebleness of some of these lines; surely it is not by such declamations that "Tragic Influence" is to be exercised—that Mr. Horne (borrowing his own simile at the close of his Essay) is to play the part of Samson, and, "grasping the main pillars of the ancient, high, and mysterious Temple," is to shake the whole fabric of the Drama to its base! We could adduce numberless other like examples.

Oliver Cromwell; a Historical Romance, edited by Horace Smith, Esq.; 3 vols.—Often as Cromwell has been presented in fiction, blackened or brightened as the romancer's tendencies were Royalist or Republican, the best presentation has done little more than give one solitary feature of his many-sided character: and it is no treason to the undoubted talent of some of the artists to declare, that since Shakespeare there has been no one equal to the task. Not the least clever of the many essays which might be advanced in mitigation of such a judgment is the one before us. The work, however, can hardly be called a romance, inasmuch as there is no attempt at construction in its pages. It only deals with the facts of history in succession, and these are separated by long pauses wherever it suited the chronicler to take breath. The fortunes too, of Edgar Ardenne, the one ideal character introduced, have obviously been a matter of so little concern to the novelist as to be displayed and wound up in a few comparatively unimportant scenes. As a study, Cromwell is boldly sketched: and when shown in the field at the head of his Ironsides, is a figure to arrest the attention of all who love to look upon the achievements of Power. But to sustain the moral pre-eminence designed, the author has thrown needless shades of littleness and criminality over the characters of the adverse parties: Charles is at all times "the uxorious monarch," and

Henrietta Maria "the adulterous queen." This is the artifice of weakness. We may commend, however, the battle scenes as about the most spirited and thrilling since Scott described the gathering at Loudon Hill and Bothwell Brigg. The author is less happy in dialogue than in description: the characters in their speeches are made to interpret their deeds as chronicled in History, and in moments of overmastering passion, as well as in high debate, they are formal and unimpressive. A sketch of Milton is introduced by way of relief, but it wants vigour. We have but to add, that the author's fondness for description leads him into a tiresome prolixity in matters of costume. Who he may be, we do not pretend to divine; the word "*edited*," as was observed, on our meeting Lady Wilton in Great Marlborough Street, has many significations.

The Return to England: a Tale of the Fourth Year after the Battle of Waterloo, by a Friend of the Service; 2 vols.—The events related in this tale, plainly speak the lessons of virtue.—"The lively and amiable Marland, and the General, his uncle—the noble-minded Glendower—the singular but patriotic and generous Sir Owen Llanwyllyn, and the good-humoured and indolent Heartfree, are faithful resemblances from living originals."—"The interesting orphan Emily, and the generous Bella Mowbray, have also had their portraits drawn without their knowledge."—"We should hardly have suspected this, had we not the author's word for it in his preface: as matters stand, however, we are sorry for the amiable people who have sat to 'a Friend of the Service.'" His sketches do not even come so near to life and humanity as dear Miss La Creevy's attempts on her sitters, who brought their uniforms in their carpet bags;—the book, to speak plainly, is weak though well-meaning nonsense.

The Table Talker, or Brief Essays on Society and Literature.—The comparative amount of spirit and genius, brought to bear upon *belles lettres* in the French and English daily press, could hardly be better illustrated than by comparing this reprint of miscellaneous contributions to the *Morning Post* with 'Les Catacombes' of Jules Janin, a reprint of some of the best of his *feuilletons*. The Frenchman has on his side wit, fantasy, elegance of style, and brilliancy of language; the Englishman good sense moving within narrow limits, and good intentions traversed by veins of prejudice. Neither series of papers may be considered worth re-issuing, though Janin's is enriched by some articles of greater length and substance than any in the 'Table Talk';—but the one amuses us, while the other makes us yawn.

Cuvier's Animal Kingdom. Translated from the latest French edition, and brought down to the present state of knowledge. *Mammalia, Birds, and Reptiles*, by E. Blyth. *Fishes*, by R. Mudge. *Mollusca*, by G. Johnston, M.D.; and *Crustacea and Insects*, by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S.—By the omission of various details, not requisite for the attainment of a general knowledge of the animal kingdom, such as the minute descriptions of numerous exotic groups, as well as of many of the species, the translators of the present edition have reduced it to a single volume, notwithstanding many additions have been made to the text. Of course, though the volume contains nearly 700 pages, much of the work is printed in very small type; an important advantage has also been gained by the introduction of a great number of wood-cuts; so that, on the whole, this edition may be recommended to the zoological student.

A general Outline of the Animal Kingdom, by T. R. Jones, F.Z.S.—This is a work of a totally different character from the above, being confined to the physiological and structural peculiarities of the great groups, classes, and orders of the animal kingdom, and, from being lucidly written and beautifully illustrated, it cannot fail to become a manual of comparative anatomy and animal physiology, extended through all the classes of the animal kingdom. This, it is well known, has long been a desideratum in our literature; and we are, accordingly, the better pleased to see it so well executed. The inferior tribes of animals, whose structure and economy, and even existence, are almost unknown to the majority of English readers, are treated in a manner which will, we trust, gain for them numerous observers in this country, affording as they do such singular materials for investigation.

A Hand-Book for Travellers in the Ionian Islands, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, and Constantinople, with Index, Maps, and Plans.—The very circumstance which makes this Hand-Book perhaps the most valuable among Mr. Murray's excellent series, removes it beyond the scope of the reviewer. Every page is full of useful information, and those minute matter-of-fact directions which are so invaluable to a tourist, but so ineligible for extract. A large portion of the facts and descriptions has been derived from the recent works of Mr. Urquhart and Mr. Fellows. Baron von Hammer, too, has yielded valuable historical information concerning the objects of interest in the City of the Sultan: the older travellers have been industriously ransacked; and the noble descriptive passages from Lord Byron's poems so pertinently introduced, as to be a feature and an ornament.

The Traveller's Hand-Book on the Rhine was less wanted, and is more carelessly executed. It is illustrated by a panoramic plan of the river, which is sufficiently full and accurate.

While we are among the travellers, we may mention Mr. Wilkey's *Wanderings in Germany, with Moonlight Walks on the Banks of the Elbe, the Danube, the Neckar, and the Rhine.*—Novelty of matter was not to be expected from such a title; but, if people will "talk" after they have walked on such beaten ground, we have a right to require some novelty or grace of manner. In this the reader will be disappointed. This last of the wanderers seems amiable, easily pleased, and much given to wondering: a meagre list of qualifications for appearing, in these days, before a public satiated to sauciness.

Gunn on National Instruction.—The position here defended is one which nobody attacks,—the necessity of combining religious and moral training with secular instruction. Mr. Gunn intimates that if all the schoolmasters of Scotland had been consulted by the legislature on the question of National Education, they would unanimously have recorded a protest against being deprived of their Bible; but as no such wrong

was ever meditated, we see no reason why they should have been consulted on this point, nor, indeed, on any other, if Mr. Gunn's book be a specimen of the information they would have afforded.

Flowers and their Associations, by Anne Pratt.—This is not the worst of that healthy class of books, in which, of late years, the beauty, the wisdom, and the poetry of Nature have been set forth, unobtrusively and delicately. That an age so mechanical as ours, should be also marked by an increased appetite and love for publications such as these, is a subject of pleasant and hopeful contemplation. Thus should Education work hand in hand with Science and commercial activity: better than the leisure for many holidays, is the taste which enables us to make the most of a few.

Annals of Humble Life.—A pleasing collection of innocent and moral stories; too costly and too lackadaisical to suit the people, and not sufficiently close and minute enough in its description of their life and feelings to be welcome as a novelty to the richer classes.

List of New Books.—Landmann's Gazetteer, new edit. 8vo. 14s. cl.—Dick on Derangements of the Digestive Organs, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Lieut. Becher's Tables for Reducing Foreign Linear Measure into English, &c., 1st series, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Allies on the Ancient British, Roman, and Saxon Antiquities of Worcestershire, 8vo. 5s. cl.—Bible Stories for very Little Children, 1st series, 2nd edit. 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Harwood's Latin Liturgy, new edit. 32mo. 4s. bd.—Beza's Latin Testament, new edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. bd.—Rose's New Biographical Dictionary, Vol. II, 8vo. 18s. cl.—Oliver Cromwell, an Historical Romance, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—Edwards on the Fine Arts in England, Part I, 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—Lang's Religion and Education in America, fc. 8vo. 7s. cl.—Desultory Sketches and Tales of Barbadoes, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Miller's Tales of Travellers, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—The Sporting Oracle and Almanac for 1841, fc. 2s. 6d. swd.—The Return to England, 2 vols. 12mo. 18s. bds.—A Guide to Madeira for Invalids and others, 18mo. 4s. cl.—Hawker on Hand Moulds for the Pianoforte, 4to. 8s. 6d. cl.—Keightley's Roman Empire, 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Maunder and Evanston on the Diseases of Children, 3rd edit. 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.—Cathrey's Rosabel and Helvetia, 1 vol. post 8vo. 4s. cl.—Scobell's Psalms and Hymns, 4th edit. 18mo. 2s. cl.—Nautical Sketches, by H. Moore, jun. cr. 8vo. 8s. cl.—Agriculture

and Dairy Husbandry (People's edition), roy. 8vo. 2s. 3d. swd. 3s. 6d. cl.—De Loude's Surgical, Operative, and Mechanical Dentistry, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.—Olney Hymns, with Introductory Essay by J. Montgomery, 2nd edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Manton on James, 8vo. 5s. cl.—The Rev. F. Fulford's Plain Sermons, Vol. II, 8vo. 9s. bds.—The Rev. F. Fulford's Parochial Sermons, Vol. IV, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Warner's Five Discourses on the Sermon on the Mount, 8vo. 4s. cl.—Bishop Beveridge's Necessity and Advantage of Public Prayer, new edit. 18mo. 4s. cl.—Selwyn's Farewell Sermon and Pastoral Letters, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—History of Ireland, by Miss Corner, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Chambers's First and Second Books of Drawing, 12mo. each 1s. 3d. swd., 1s. 6d. cl.; together 3s. 6d. cl.—Chambers's Geographical Primer, 12mo. 8d. swd.—Arnold's Thucydides, Vol. I, 2nd edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Gibson's (T. A.) Etymological Geography, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Whitlock's Manual of German and English Conversations, 12mo. 3s. swd.—Linnington's Rhetorical Speaker, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bd.—Arnold's Henry's First Latin Book, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. cl.—Wakefield's Juvenile Anecdotes, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Tilt's Little Robinson Crusoe, 64mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—The Contributions of Q. Q., by Jane Taylor, new edit. fc. 8vo. 7s. cl.—Taylor's Hymns for Infant Minds, 18mo. 1s. 6d. hf-bd.—Tanner's Railroads and Canals of the United States, 8vo. 15s. cl.—France, its King, Court, and Government, 8vo. 6s. cl.—Torry and Gray's North American Flora, 8vo. 30s. cl.—Blackstone on Private Wrongs, by J. Stewart, 8vo. 18s. cl.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL for AUGUST, kept by the Assistant Secretary, at the Apartments of the Royal Society, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1840. Aug.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			9 o'clock, P.M.		External Thermometers.				Rain in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Dew Point at 9 A.M. deg. Fahr.	Diff. of Wind at Thermometer.	Fahrenheit.		Self-registering				
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.				9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest	Highest			
S 1	30.278	30.272	73.9	30.216	30.210	68.0	56	07.2	63.7	71.5	53.2	72.6	NW	Fine—light clouds & wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine & starlight.	
2	30.254	30.250	76.6	30.200	30.192	69.3	60	08.0	66.7	78.0	55.3	79.0	SW	Fine—lit. clouds & breeze throughout the day. Ev. Fine & starlight.	
M 3	30.244	30.240	82.9	30.180	30.172	72.3	62	07.6	70.0	79.3	61.0	79.3	S	Fine—nearly cloudless throughout the day. Ev. Fine and starlight.	
T 4	30.188	30.184	76.5	30.132	30.126	72.0	58	07.0	67.5	77.2	61.0	80.0	SE	A.M. Light fog. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, The like.	
W 5	30.150	30.196	71.0	30.098	30.094	71.0	61	05.5	67.2	71.7	59.0	68.5	NW	Fine—light clouds throughout the day. Evening, The like.	
T 6	30.034	30.030	74.6	29.992	29.986	72.0	60	06.8	69.6	76.6	60.0	73.0	ENE	Fine—light clouds throughout the day. Evening, The like.	
F 7	30.020	30.016	74.0	30.024	30.020	73.0	61	09.7	71.3	72.0	64.0	78.5	NE	A.M. Fine—light clouds and breeze. P.M. Lightly overcast—brisk wind. Evening, The like.	
S 8	30.150	30.144	69.0	30.148	30.142	71.0	59	05.0	65.4	73.0	59.0	76.0	NNE	Fine—lit. clouds—brisk wind throughout the day. Ev. The like.	
9	30.292	30.286	70.0	30.322	30.318	69.8	54	04.4	60.2	75.5	52.4	75.5	N	A.M. Lightly overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, The like.	
M 10	30.098	30.094	74.0	29.984	29.978	72.0	58	07.3	69.5	76.5	60.0	77.0	SW	A.M. Overcast—lit. fog. P.M. Fine—lit. clouds. Ev. Lightly overcast.	
T 11	29.614	29.610	68.0	29.574	29.570	69.5	60	03.0	63.5	69.0	62.0	79.7	.058 S	A.M. Overcast—lit. wind. P.M. Fine—lit. clouds. Ev. Lightly overcast.	
W 12	29.654	29.650	71.0	29.636	29.632	70.0	57	08.1	65.5	67.3	57.0	70.5	.069 WSW	A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Lightly overcast. Evening, Overcast—heavy rain.	
T 13	29.656	29.652	70.0	29.621	30.620	68.5	54	07.0	63.0	67.6	55.0	70.0	.027 SW	A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk wind. Evening, The like.	
F 14	29.530	29.526	66.0	29.604	29.600	67.2	54	05.0	61.0	61.0	56.0	70.0	.058 W	A.M. Overcast. P.M. Overcast—heavy showers. Evening, The like.	
S 15	29.818	29.814	65.0	29.832	29.828	66.0	54	05.5	61.2	65.8	53.5	67.0	.213 SW var.	A.M. Heavy clouds—brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds, with occasional showers. Evening, Overcast.	
16	29.968	29.962	66.0	29.904	29.900	66.0	55	06.5	63.0	68.2	54.5	67.5	.072 W	Fine—light clouds nearly the whole of the day—heavy shower at 3 p.m. Evening, Fine—light clouds.	
M 17	29.206	29.202	63.0	29.264	29.260	64.5	59	02.0	59.8	59.5	58.0	72.0	.159 SE var.	A.M. Overcast—light rain—high wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk wind. Rainbow p.m. 5. Evening, Overcast.	
T 18	29.374	29.370	61.5	29.552	29.548	62.0	54	05.0	59.5	61.8	52.5	63.2	.175 W	Overcast—brisk wind throughout the day, as also the evening.	
W 19	29.712	29.708	60.0	29.766	29.762	63.0	57	00.0	57.0	67.5	57.0	63.8	.369 SE	Overcast—light rain & wind nearly throughout the day. Evening, Overcast.	
T 20	30.016	30.012	63.5	30.002	29.998	66.0	56	05.5	66.0	72.8	60.0	69.0	.061 S	Lightly overcast throughout the day. Evening, The like.	
F 21	29.954	29.950	69.2	29.894	29.888	69.0	58	06.4	69.0	75.5	60.0	70.5	SE	A.M. Lightly overcast—light fog. P.M. Fine—light clouds and breeze. Evening, Fine—light clouds.	
S 22	29.836	29.832	67.2	29.824	29.818	69.0	62	02.2	63.5	71.6	62.5	77.8	SW	A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Lightly overcast.	
23	29.998	29.994	72.0	29.982	29.978	69.0	59	05.5	63.0	70.5	56.0	72.5	WSW	A.M. Heavy clouds—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Dark heavy clouds—brisk wind.	
M 24	30.050	30.044	70.0	29.996	29.990	68.6	57	04.0	62.5	70.2	56.0	72.5	SW	A.M. Lightly overcast—lit. wind. P.M. Fine—lit. clouds. Ev. The like.	
T 25	30.038	30.034	72.0	30.000	29.994	68.2	55	06.5	63.5	70.0	54.4	73.5	WSW	A.M. Fine—light clouds. P.M. Lightly overcast. Ev. Overcast.	
W 26	30.060	30.054	66.0	30.070	30.066	67.3	61	03.5	65.0	68.5	61.0	73.0	NW	Overcast—light wind throughout the day. Evening, The like.	
T 27	30.110	30.104	65.0	30.052	30.048	67.2	59	03.0	61.5	69.5	56.7	70.8	W	Overcast throughout the day, as also the evening.	
F 28	30.060	30.054	65.8	30.080	30.076	67.0	61	03.0	63.5	69.6	60.0	72.0	W	A.M. Lightly overcast. P.M. Fine—lit. clouds. Evening, Lightly overcast.	
S 29	30.204	30.198	66.0	30.200	30.194	67.0	60	01.1	60.9	67.2	60.0	72.0	.011 E	A.M. Overcast—light fog and haze. P.M. Lightly overcast.	
30	30.128	30.124	68.5	30.086	30.082	69.0	62	04.5	66.8	77.5	58.0	69.0	E	Evening, Light fog.	
M 31	30.184	30.180	66.8	30.124	30.120	68.7	59	04.0	63.0	72.0	60.0	79.5	NE	A.M. Overcast—light fog. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Ev. Overcast.	
															A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk wind. Evening, Cloudy.
MEAN.	29.964	29.961	69.2	29.947	29.942	68.5	58	05.2	64.3	70.8	57.9	72.7	Sum. 1.272	Mean Barometer corrected.	(9 A.M. 3 P.M. F. 29.859 .. 29.944 E. 29.855 .. 29.935

Note.—The daily observations are recorded just as they are read off from the scale, without the application of any correction whatever.

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SONNETS.

I.

Far-stretching thoughts are thine, Egyptian land
Of Desert and Oasis and old Nile,
Fountain of myriad dreams, and monster pile,
Casting each giant shadow o'er the strand
Of long-gone ages, peopled by a band
Of thine embalmed shapes, that erst the while,
Did human hearts and human cares beguile
With emblematic feast and pageant grand!
Thy spectral sepulchres, whose pictured life
Mocks the dark curtain of the fearful tomb,
With mimic shows of living coil and strife,
Say! can their priestly wisdom pierce the gloom
Of thick oblivion, from the floods that lave
The fiery spirit in the cold deep grave?

II.

No, thou world's wonder! though thy spells begin
With Beauty's morning, though their murmurs
call
E'en at its noon, thy Spirits from the thrall
Of countless years, and for their still voice win
Attention from the tumult and the din
Of trumpet-toned now—still droops thy pall
Oh vast Osirian! with sweeping fall,
Still thou art Egypt, type of Earth and Sin.
Darkness is on thee—to thy slaves we turn—
Thy captive menials in their toil and shame,
And track th' enfranchised feet whose watch-fires
burn
God-lit through pathless deserts, to the flame
Of burning Sinai and its thunderings loud,
Heralds of Light pavilioned by the cloud.

III.

All hail to Palestine, the wanderer's rest,
And Solyma the Holy in her pride!
She who among the nations, by the side
Of Thebes and Tyre hath reared her golden crest;
Devoutly bearing on her gem-starred breast
The veil of Heaven's high mystery, denied
To Nature's throned Isis, fain to hide
Her mythic form beneath a shrouding vest.
Hail—hail to Palestine! all hail the sod
Drunk with the blood of martyrs, and hot tears,
Wrung from the burning hearts of those that trod
Through cruel ways their mead of darkest years!
Thy shrouded splendour, and thy victim's doom,
Witness alike of Light beyond the tomb.

IV.

All hail Judea, unhallowed of the Nine!
The hills and rocks, instinct with living fire,
Ring with the echoes of thy prophet-Jyre:
Each mournful wail, each wild lament the sign
And evidence of Love's concealed design;
Love matchless and alone—its flaming pyre
Hath burned unto the skies, and in its line
Traced out in glory, hail to Palestine!—
Beauty for Salem! Ethiopian Bride
Of all-pervading Light! mysterious Queen
Of Hope's glad city, with her gates spread wide,
And jasper towers, from whose resplendent sheen
Eternity proclaimeth, deep and far,
Glory to Zion's Crown, "the Bright, the Morning
Star." E.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE American papers received this week contain a strange, and we endeavoured to persuade ourselves, an improbable story, of the death of Mr. Simpson, the Arctic explorer. As, however, a statement, on something like authority, has appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, in which the main facts are assumed to be true, we feel it to be our painful duty to put the statement on record:—

"St. Louis, July 34.

"It will be seen, by reference to the British papers, that the North passage, so long sought after by adventurous navigators, has at length been discovered by two young men belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. It is not our intention to enter into a detailed report of the memorable voyage, but merely to mention the melancholy fate of one of the discoverers. It appears, that on their return to York factory, the principal depot of the Hudson's Bay Company, they both set out for England, eager to grasp the rich reward which the British Government never fails to lavish upon all her citizens who contribute anything towards extending her wide-spread

domains, or to perpetuating her well-earned fame. On the arrival of the two young men at Lake Winnepeck, they disagreed about the route which should be pursued, and there separated. Mr. Simpson, accompanied by Mr. Bird, Mr. Legros, and twenty or thirty of the colonists, struck across for St. Peter's, intending to push on to New York *via* the Lakes, and thence sail for Liverpool. Mr. Dease, his compeer, with another party, set out for the Canadas.

"About the 20th of June Mr. Simpson and his party had reached Turtle River, where they encamped for the night. He had, from the beginning of the journey, exhibited occasional symptoms of mental hallucination, caused, as the party supposed, by the dread of being outstripped by his competitor in their long race for London. On the evening above mentioned, he had continued to push on until a late hour at night, and even then his feverish state of excitement deprived him of nourishment or rest. When they stopped, and while in the act of camping, Mr. Simpson turned suddenly round, and shot Mr. Bird through the heart; and before the astounded party could fly from the presence of the madman, he discharged the other barrel, and mortally wounded Mr. Legros. It appears the party had separated; and when he committed the murder on his companions there were only two more present, one of them a son of Legros, who immediately fled a short distance. The dying father earnestly implored Simpson to permit his son to return and embrace him before he should die, which he agreed to, and beckoned them back, saying there was nothing to fear. On their return, Simpson accused Legros of conspiring with Bird, and asked him whether it was not their intention to assassinate him that night? The dying man said it was, but, on being interrogated a second time, he denied having any intention or design of such a deed, and shortly after he expired. Simpson then ordered the two men to bridle their horses, and prepare to return with him to the settlement; but no sooner were they mounted, than they dashed off in quest of the main body, and overtook them about eighteen miles ahead. They all returned in the morning, and when they had reached within 200 yards of the camp, they got a glimpse of Simpson at the door of his tent, and immediately afterwards heard a report of a gun. Supposing that he was determined to carry out the work of destruction which he had begun, they attempted to intimidate him by firing three volleys in the direction of the camp, and then approached it cautiously. When they came up, they found their commander weltering in his blood, and, on closer examination, found that he had literally blown his head to pieces. The party arrived at St. Peter's about the 1st of July, in possession of the important papers, and other property belonging to the ill-fated Simpson."

Though no official communication on this subject has been received at the Hudson's Bay House, little doubt is there entertained of the main facts; but the story of Mr. Simpson and Mr. Dease striving to outrun each other in a race for honour and preferment, is said to be without foundation.

"Mr. Simpson," according to the *Chronicle*, "was about thirty-two years of age, and went to Hudson's Bay in 1829. He was a native of Dingwall, in Ross-shire, and had received a liberal education, having been intended for the church. While prosecuting his studies at King's College, Aberdeen, he greatly distinguished himself, both by the regularity of his conduct and his attainments in the various branches of literature and science to which his studies were directed. No man could be better prepared for the arduous duties which devolve upon a discoverer in the Arctic regions, and very few possessed the natural qualifications for such pursuits in an equal degree. His constitution was robust, and his activity extreme. No obstacles could daunt his courage, or subdue his energy and perseverance. To these qualities were added an amiable and obliging disposition, which made him a general favourite, and that generous love of fame which usually accompanies superior talents. He had been promoted to the rank of chief trader by the Hudson's Bay Company, and would, had he lived, have risen to the highest distinction which they can bestow, as they entertained the strongest sense of the many valuable qualities which he possessed."

It is with regret we announce that Mr. Edwin

Landseer has been compelled to seek the restoration of his health, in a visit to Germany. Should he succeed, as all must hope, in the main object of his search, it may be hoped, too, that he will also not return without such inspirations as may lure him out of the exclusive path to which he has so long devoted his pencil,—and without having brought home subjects for a few pictures to stand beside his 'Bolton Abbey.'

We were pleased to hear that the Queen Dowager, in her late tour to the north, visited the poet Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, and, welcomed by the poet at his garden-gate, entered and partook of a repast, not of the Muses' making, but of the meats and drinks and realities of life. This is, we believe, the first time that Poet has been so honoured in England. Pope declined a visit from Queen Caroline at Twickenham, but entertained Frederick, Prince of Wales, at his own table, and nodded in sleep, it is added, when the Prince was speaking of poetry.

The re-opening of Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of Madame Vestris, on Monday next, a month earlier than usual, taken in conjunction with the premature close of last season, and the fact of the receipts during the autumn and winter months being greater than in the spring, contrary to custom—is a circumstance significant of the predominating influence of musical over theatrical attraction. Not only is the fashionable world more inclined to visit the theatre when not under the fascination of Italian vocalists and German composers, but the mass of middle-class play-goers, to whom a fine opera is become as welcome a gratification as a pleasant comedy or an effective tragedy, now find a more rare enjoyment in the exotic entertainment offered by the foreign artistes, than in the plain old-fashioned fare provided by English caterers.

The Paris papers mention the death, at an advanced age, of Dr. Vardélaud, formerly surgeon to the Emperor Napoleon, and created by him a Knight of the Empire;—and that a pension has been granted, by the Minister of the Interior, to the widow of the celebrated painter Redouté, with reversion to his daughter.—Among not the least well-merited of the memorials by which France is honouring her illustrious dead, is the erection of a statue, in the great trading town of Lyons, to the memory of her distinguished citizen and benefactor Jacquard, the inventor of the loom. Another statue is about to be erected in Boulogne, the native town of M. Daunou, to the memory of that distinguished *savant*.

In the painter's art, the most interesting French novelty is the picture, by M. Ingres, entitled *Antichus Malade*, painted for the Duke of Orléans. This has just arrived from Rome, and was exhibited by the Prince, for a few days, in his apartments, to the artists and connoisseurs of the metropolis. The picture is spoken of as adding greatly to the already great reputation of M. Ingres. Our correspondent mentions, too, a fine group of sculpture representing, in bronze, a mounted Amazon attacked by a tiger, by the Prussian artist Kiss, one of the pupils of the illustrious Rauch. This work—a gift from the present King of Prussia, when Prince Royal, to the same patron of the arts, the Prince Royal of France,—reached Paris while the Duke was in Africa, and has now been placed in a small temple built in imitation of that which overhangs the cascade at Tivoli, on one of the green islands formed by the Seine in its eccentric wanderings amid the beautiful grounds of the royal domain of Neuilly.—M. Duo, the architect of the column of July, has been appointed, in conjunction with M. Dommey, to complete the works at the Palais de Justice, left unexecuted by the untimely death of their designer, M. Huyot. We may mention, also, an exhibition at the Polish Club, in Paris, of some paintings and sculptures, remarkable as the work of an amateur, Captain Thaddeus Kralewski, a refugee Pole, half brother (by the mother's side) to the Archbishop of Posen, whom recent events have made so conspicuous. He is said to be wholly self-taught in all the branches of his art. The pictures are lithographed, too, and the sculptures, consisting of statues and bas-reliefs, cast in bronze, by the hands of the artist himself.

The musical news of Paris, during the last fortnight, though small in amount, is not without interest. The *Académie Royale*, newly decorated, (and, it seems

generally admitted, in a sombre and heavy taste,) has received a passing brilliancy from the presence of Meyerbeer, before whom his 'Huguenots' was performed with great spirit. Duprez, too, is said to be studying the *Robert*, while M. Marie is to revive the 'Stradella' of Niedermayer, which is to be cut down from five into three acts. There are a thousand rumours afloat concerning Meyerbeer's next work, but we will believe none till we know it to be fairly in rehearsal. At the *Opéra Comique* the 'Joconde' of Isouard, after a very long sleep, has been revived for our pleasing countrywoman, Mlle. Anna Thillon.—The musical entertainments of the Rubens Festival at Antwerp appear not to have been very excellent: this is not as it should be, when we remember how richly Belgium has contributed to the world's store of composers.—Josquin des Pres, Orlando Lasso, and Grétry being among the number of benefactors. M. Servais, the Belgian violoncellist, however, who has recently been in Russia, distinguished himself greatly, as also did M. Vieuxtemps, a younger violinist, who played, as a boy, at the Philharmonic Concerts some years ago. The principal lady singers were Mlle. Janssens and Mlle. Meerti.—In Germany, not the least object of musical interest is the disposal of the precious library left behind him by Prof. Thiebaud, of Heidelberg. This includes about fifteen hundred volumes of theoretical works, a collection of the master-pieces of modern and ancient writers, and (an indispensable adjunct for any musical thinker) a large collection of the national airs of all countries. It is now said, that the government of Baden has made proposals for purchasing, in a mass, this probably unique library.—We are told that Mr. Eliason is now in Germany, engaging an operatic company for Drury Lane.—The most recent musical demonstration in Italy, since the success of Döhler at his native place, Lucca, has been the honour paid to Donizetti at Bergamo—a bust of the composer is to be executed, and placed in the Athenæum of that town, next to the bust of Tasso: it is needless to add, not with the sympathy of the *Athenæum* of London.—The *British Queen* has taken out an Italian Operatic company to New York—we hope, to be better treated by the *Loco-focos* than the German serenaders, whom they so violently hindered the other evening from complimenting a countrywoman, Mlle. F. Elsler.—Our one mite of English rumour announces the performance of Dr. Crotch's 'Palestine' at the Musical Festival at Hull, and the health and strength of that important feature in an oratorio, the Yorkshire choros.

The new King of Prussia has done a worthy deed, in pensioning Ludwig Tieck, the celebrated novelist—now far past middle age—and whose fortunes have hitherto been circumscribed within the most modest German limits. The papers tell us, moreover, that the author is, by condition, to do the "suit and service" of passing one month in every year at Potsdam.

In noticing some weeks since the treaty recently concluded between Austria and Sardinia for the protection of literary property, we suggested the probability that its provisions would be adopted by the other states of Italy. It now appears that the King of Naples and the Grand Duke of Tuscany have signified their adherence; and the Roman government has promised to take the subject into consideration.

Under the Patronage of the Queen and Prince Albert.
ROYAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, LOWTHER ARCADE, WEST STRAND.

Mr. E. M. Clarke will exhibit the Fire Cloud, and explain the construction of the Apparatus for producing it, on Wednesday, at 3 o'clock. Experiments with the Electrical Lel, the only living one in Europe, will be shown on Monday and Thursday, at 3 o'clock, by Mr. E. M. Clarke. The Electric Spark and De-fraction of Gold, Leaf distinctly visible from the Galleries. Lectures on the Polarization of Light, illustrated by the Gas Polaroscope, Tuesday and Saturday, at 3 o'clock, by Mr. E. M. Clarke. Gas Microscope, Steam Gun, Chemical and Electrical Illustrations. Mr. V. Reissner's Performance on the Accordion, as usual. Open from 10 to 6. Admittance, 1s.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Aug. 18.—C. Webb, Esq. in the chair.—Although so far advanced in the season, the show of plants was good; and there was also an excellent display of fruit, the best collection of which was from Mr. R. Buck, of Blackheath, and consisted of a variety of the Deccan grape—the first ever fruited in this country—introduced, some years since, by Col.

Sykes, who describes them as superior and quite distinct from any grown here.—Oldacre's St. Peter's grapes, "Blithfield seedling" gooseberries, &c.; from Mr. Jackson, of Kingston, there was a fine collection of *Ericas*, *Campanula fragilis*, and *Bowardia splendens*—a rather handsome plant, with bright red flowers; from Mr. Dunsford, gardener to the Baron Dimsdale, F.H.S., three fine cut specimens of *Gloriosa superba*, *Oncidium unicolor*, and *Brassia Lanceana*; from Mr. E. Denyer, of North Brixton, some specimens of his new Victoria plum, described as a good bearer, and of superior quality; from Mrs. Lawrence a large collection of orchideous and greenhouse plants,—among the former was two fine plants of *Silene laciniata*, a beautiful bright-coloured species from Mexico, and *Catasetum longifolium*, remarkable for being one of the very few of this species found growing on the palm trees which abound in the localities where this tribe is found; from Messrs. Brown, of Slough, *Lilium lancifolium*, a very handsome plant, between six and seven feet in height, with fine large white flowers beautifully spotted; from Mr. W. Greenshield, gardener to R. Benyon de Beauvoir, Esq. F.H.S., a fine Brazilian pine-apple, more remarkable for the enormous size of its crown, than for the flavour of its fruit; from Mr. Joseph Springall, gardener to the Marquess of Thomond, two pretty seedling fuchsias; from the garden of the Society was a large collection of plants and cut flowers, the principal feature in which was a handsome plant of *Oncidium Lancanum*, the same as shown at the former meeting, and, from its appearance, likely to keep equally as fine till the next meeting; and a collection of thirteen varieties of *Statice*, which, although of rather a weedy appearance, is very good for borders, on account of its long continuance in bloom. There was also exhibited a large collection of different varieties of cherries, plums, apples, and pears, modelled in papier mâché, presented by Dr. Deitrich.—The following prizes were awarded: the silver Knightian medal to Mrs. Lawrence, for *Catasetum citrinum*, *C. longifolium*, and *Cattleya Mossii*; the silver Banksian to Messrs. Brown, for *Lilium lancifolium*; and to Mr. Buck for the Deccan grapes.

Dr. Lindley read a paper 'On a mode of producing Sea Kale in abundance during the season, without the aid of Dung or Pots,' by Mr. W. Miller, gardener to the Right Hon. W. Sturges Bourne.—The writer states that the great sacrifice of time and labour demanded by the usual practice of obtaining it by pots or hot-beds, and the inconvenience attending the collecting of the produce in bad weather, induced him to adopt the plan of a subterranean pit, which, from its being accessible in all weathers, and the little attention it requires in the regulation of its temperature, he has found to be eminently successful: and, in point of economy, to surpass any plan that he has hitherto seen practised. The plan he recommends for adoption is a pit twenty-four feet long by eight feet in width, and about six feet in height; in any dry healthy situation, where there is likely to be a substratum either of chalk or clay: the treatment of the plants differs nothing from that in general practice, with the exception that they require no water in any season.

The Rev. T. Thurlow, E. B. Hartopp, Esq., and C. W. Dilke, Esq. jun., were elected Fellows of the Society.

The following shows the highest and lowest states of the barometer and thermometer, and the amount of rain, as observed in the Society's garden between the 4th of August, and the 18th of August, 1840:—

Aug. 9, Barometer, highest	30.223
17, " lowest	29.169
Aug. 10, Thermometer, highest	85° Fah.
" " lowest	47° "
Total amount of Rain 0.97 inch.	

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON. Entomological Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES. Zoological Society (Scien. Bus.)	4 p. Eight.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

HAYMARKET.—Since our last mention of this favourite "House of call" for players, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Sterling, and Mr. Wallack have dropped in, *en passant*. Mrs. Fitzwilliam, though past her prime, is still a useful and agreeable acquisition, wherever vivacity for half-price visitors is in request; but she only twinkled as a "star" for a few nights,

and was succeeded by Mrs. Sterling, whose *gaieté de cœur* alternates with passionate earnestness—her pathos and sprightliness equally genuine: but instead of being employed to render more efficient some popular comedy, she is put forward in trumpery pieces, which scarcely enable her to exhibit her peculiar talents. Mr. Wallack, who is without a rival in 'The Brigand,' is paraded as *Don Felix*, as if on purpose to show how far he falls short of the princely gallantry and grace of Mr. Charles Kemble, who last appeared in the character, giving to it dignity, that made one almost lose sight of the coarseness and rapid dullness of the comedy.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Instructions to Young Performers, for acquiring, by means of Patent Hand-Moulds, the best Position, with Strength and Articulation on the Piano-forte or other Keyed Instrument, by Lieut.-Col. P. Hawker, 3rd edition.—Colonel Hawker's style, compared to the cut and dried paragraphs in which musical instructors usually inculcate their doctrines, has a welcome raciness—a touch in it of Cobbett's clear manly English—certain to recommend his plans. Of their value the profession has long since judged. Our humble selves, though far from denying their usefulness, have a general distrust of mechanism, from the Cheiroplast of Logier, to the Dactylion of Herz. If imperfect, its tendency may be to stiffen rather than set free the wrist and the fingers; if otherwise, there seems to us some danger of its encouraging a want of that constant mental attention which is ill exchanged for a little mechanical progress. At the conclusion of the treatise, which is illustrated by a series of well-combined finger exercises, will be found a reprint of the well-known amusing and sensible 'Advice to a Nobleman,' on the best method of playing the pianoforte.

Supposing the player's fingers to be trained, and his wrist loosened, never had the pupil such a choice of Studies as at the present moment. All the modern composers for the pianoforte, with the exception of Mendelssohn, (to the publication of whose fine and striking *Trio*—his first—we beg thus parenthetically to call attention,) seem, now-a-days, incapable or unwilling to grapple with a series of ideas, and to prefer the form in question for the expression of a single thought. Even Chopin's recent Pianoforte Sonata is without a *finale*, unless a short, clever, but mechanical *toccata* of unabated *prestissimo* time and unchanged figure be accepted as such. To enumerate all the Studies which have appeared within the last two years is impossible.—Liszt's Paganini Studies are the *ne plus ultra*, and may be placed reverentially in the student's library, rather to show what fingers have done than what fingers can do. Another series of studies, more accessible, and deserving that naturalization in England which we believe they have not hitherto met with, is by M. Edouard Wolff, some of which, beside the value which belongs to new forms, possess the charm of very engaging melody. Much easier than these, are the *Etudes Caractéristiques* of M. Bertini, which have been republished in London, and are before us,—pleasant practice, with a fair proportion of utility, could be hardly recommended. Still there is a want in them of solidity of idea, and of individuality of style; one or other of which requisites is to be desired in Studies, especially when bearing in their title such a distinctive epithet. These *Eighteen Characteristic Studies*, composed expressly to illustrate and exemplify the latest refinements of Modern Execution, by Henri Herz, are even more flimsy in the thoughts on which they are based than M. Bertini's, and as illustrations and examples of the discoveries of Thalberg, and Chopin, and Liszt, the Masters of modern execution, they break the promise of their title: nevertheless, there is a Herz-iness, slight as they are, which gives them a peculiarity, and therefore a utility, to all such as desire to go the whole circle of the pianists, in their course of practice.

The operatic fantasia, as conceived before Thalberg took it in hand, has still its composers, and it is to be supposed, purchasers. Of this, M. Herz gives us a showy example in his *Fantaisie* on airs from Donizetti's 'L'Elisir d'Amore,'—the staple of which (if the word can be applied to compositions of such gossamer texture) is made up of some clever variations to the final *bravura* of that pretty opera. M.

Herz deserves credit for the effectiveness and variety of the changes which—in spite of the numberless similar works published by him—he still knows how to produce on a given theme. They have always style and effect: towards the close of the *fantaisie*, however, he has exhausted his own resources, and winds up with passages which belong to a generation of pianists younger than his popularity. We have also before us his arrangement of *Paganini's Last Waltz*. Ever since Reissiger's composition was given to the world as Weber's latest sigh, every deceased artist of any renown has been fitted with his *last waltz*;—and M. Herz, we suspect, has in this instance, done something more than play the editor: be this as it may, it is a trifle unworthy of Paganini's reputation, and fails in its object, expressiveness,—how entirely, the pianist cannot better measure than by turning from it to the second (in a minor) of Chopin's three last grand waltzes, a movement, indeed, full of feeling, without once losing that rhythm, which, whether it undulate slowly or quickly, is the vital principle of compositions of its class. Mr. H. C. Litolff's *Reverie à la Valse* is brilliant, clever, and full of contrast, without affectation; and exciting to a pianist who possesses strength of hand. To close this paragraph of pianoforte music, Mr. Holmes's variations on '*Auld Lang Syne*' may be mentioned. The name, we should have thought, might have warned him to choose a newer theme:—the variations are very easy.

It is hoped that such easy music is not all the occupation proposed to themselves by the composers of England; but prospects are disheartening. At the top of a heap of songs before us, lies a sacred song (so called) '*The Hope that makes the Troubled glad*,' a melody of '*We met*' texture, to which, nevertheless, Mr. Bishop has consented to affix symphonies and accompaniments—this is deplorable. Mr. E. J. Loder's '*Arise, my Fair One*,' one of a series of *Sacred songs and ballads*, (!) is much better: a serene composition in the pastoral style, with an easy, flowing melody, and an accompaniment richly harmonized, without pedantry. Mr. Jackson's '*For Joy let cheerful Valleys ring*,'—an air and chorus with organ accompaniment—is more ambitious; but the *bravura* passages which the *solo* contains, besides being antiquated, sadly want connexion; and the closing chorus, though it bears the form of a fugue, is but a scholar's first exercise in the art of transferring a subject from one voice to another. We fear to appear splenetic; and will therefore not add to this paragraph the names of sundry devout effusions, called forth by Oxford's outrage on Her Majesty.

For a like reason we will not deal with many amateur songs before us,—save to ask if a taste for English music can spread, when they, who should patronize, deluge the market with such trash—feeble, borrowed, and ungrammatical? Mr. Severn's '*O never doubt I lose thee*,' though anything but remarkable, is at least better knit together. M. Le Patourel, having arranged '*The Pretty Girl milking the Cow*' to '*Terence's Farewell to Kathleen*,' ought to be called to account for taking away the character of one of the sweetest airs of Old Ireland. Mr. John Parry's '*Musical Husband*' is welcome, as giving us occasion to close our article with praise. His comic songs, of which this is the last, are the most genuine genteel comedy which English music possesses: and seem to us to solve the question, whether, without Vauxhall grossness or forecastle slang, our language is capable of being mated with music, so as to rival in whimsicality of effect the airs of the *Opera Buffa* of Italy. '*The Musical Husband*,' however, is hardly so piquant and quaint as its predecessor, '*Wanted a Governess*.'

MISCELLANEA

Death of Professor Müller.—The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. G. Finlay to Lieut.-Col. Lenke, dated Athens, August 8:—"The subject on which I proposed writing was the melancholy death of Professor Müller, of Göttingen. He died here on Saturday (1st inst.), in the afternoon. He was taken ill some days before at Delphi, where he exposed himself very much to the sun, copying inscriptions for hours together, during the heat of the day. He had made an excavation along the polygonal wall, which supported the basement of the great temple, by which he had discovered a number of new and

long inscriptions. He likewise discovered some subterranean chambers under the site of the temple, but he was unable to extend his excavations, as they were under the houses of the peasants. When his illness was known here, one of the royal carriages and the king's physician were sent to meet him at Kaya, a khan below Gyphtokastron (Oenoë), and he was conveyed here on Friday last, but in a state which rendered his recovery hopeless. Mr. Curtius, who accompanied him, with Dr. Schoell, of Berlin, tells me that the foundation of his illness was laid by his over-exerting himself at Athens, in copying the modern plan of Athens by the architects. I, however, spent a night with him and his party at Rhamnus, where we slept in the open air, and parted from him next day at Grammatiko, when he appeared in perfect health and high spirits. The foundation of the mortal disease seems to have been laid either at Orchomenos, where he slept out in a region of malaria, or by his great exertions at Delphi. As nobody can appreciate the loss the literary world has sustained so well as you, I shall not say a word on that subject; but I cannot recollect his amiable personal qualities, and the care with which he made his profound learning available in social intercourse, without deep regret. On his return I expected him to pay Liosea a visit, and to examine the topography of D'Acria; he is now buried on the summit of the little hill above the Academy. This was the idea of the council of the Athenian University. He intended, on his return to Germany, commencing his great work on the General History of Greece, which was to have been preceded by a topographical description of the country by Mr. Curtius, for which Müller would have constructed the maps and given his aid. He had already made many curious discoveries and observations, which it is to be hoped will be given by Dr. Schoell or Curtius in an account of their journey."

Chemical Errors.—In your paper (No. 667), you have inadvertently done me an injustice. The paragraph I allude to is entitled '*Chemical Errors*.' Permit me, Sir, to state, that the existence of titanic acid in the blood, as shown by myself, has been confirmed by the experiments of Brunner, who detected it also in the blood of the dog. It is true, that the subsequent experiments of Marchand afforded him a negative result, and he presumed therefrom that the silica in the blood had been mistaken for titanic acid. This, however, is quite impossible, as may be seen by any chemist sufficiently interested in the question to note the blow-pipe reactions which I published in the *Philosophical Magazine*. You will greatly favour me by inserting this note, as I am unwilling that a positive result, in which two observers agree, should be published as an error, on the single negative experience of M. Marchand, a gentleman who, though his opinion is entitled to great respect, may, very possibly, hereafter have occasion to modify his views.—I am, &c. Guildford Street, August 27. G. O. RESS.

It is in the blow-pipe tests that the objection to the conclusion of the writer lies, the characters of the impure silica alluded to before the blow-pipe being almost identical with those of titanic acid. Marchand is not the only observer who has obtained a negative result. Berzelius, Thomson, Lecanu, Richardson, O'Shaughnessy, and all other chemists who have examined the blood, agree with Marchand.

Improvement in Daguerreotype.—M. Raifé recommends, as an economical substitute for silver plates, the employment of silvered paper, which (the designs being fixed by means of a solution of hyposulphite of soda) may be kept between the leaves of a portfolio. He recommends the paper to be pasted on a frame, and sprinkled, when it is dry, with whitening, which is to be rubbed in with a piece of calico.

Compounds from Indigo.—According to Erdmann, when indigo suspended in water is subjected to the action of chlorine or bromine, several products are formed: when the fluid thus acted upon is distilled, a fluid product in minute quantity passes over with the solution, and collects under the fluid in the form of white scales, which Erdmann terms *chlorindopten*. It is easily melted, dissipated by heat; it resembles an ethereal oil; it is slightly soluble in cold, but more so in hot water. It dissolves in alcohol, and is precipitated from its solution by water. Its composition is C_8H_5ClO . At the bottom of the solution which has been acted upon by chlorine, is found a reddish yellow body: when this is treated with water it dissolves, leaving a resin which may be termed *chloranil resin*. It may be purified when the reddish yellow matter is boiled in alcohol; on cooling, reddish yellow translucent crystals separate: these would ap-

pear to consist of two bodies nearly similar in character; the principal distinction lies in their somewhat different solubility in alcohol, and in the one containing twice as much chlorine as the other. They have therefore been termed *chlorisatin* and *bichlorisatin*. With bromine corresponding compounds are formed. Chlorisatin dissolves in potash and forms a compound of potash and *chlorisatic acid*, the composition of which is $C_{16}H_5N_2ClO_4 + KO$. The acid cannot be isolated, but its atomic weight appears to be 2318. *Bichlorisatic acid* is formed with bichlorisatin and potash. *Chlorisatyd* separates from a solution of *chlorisatin* in hydrosulphuret of ammonia, in the form of a white precipitate. *Bichlorisatyd* is formed in a similar way.

Envelopes.—While all the papers have been wrangling about the working of the Penny Postage Bill and its details, Mr. Fores has been setting his merry men to work to give a lively relief to the controversy. His *Characteristic Envelopes* are some of them very droll. The Dancing one is illustrated, among many other devices, by a court ball *vis-à-vis* with a May-day ballet among the sweeps; the Hunting one, too, is clever and spirited; and the Musical one has a caricature of Liszt in one corner, as wicked as if Dantan's self had thrown it off.

The Sailor's Soliloquy (with interruptions).

The Land! the Land! that cheering cry
Brings rapture to my heart;
Thank Heaven! this trip is at an end—

[We're just upon "the Start,"]

There's one on that dear Island now
In sadness thinks of me;

Would I could know she does not weep—

[Then sound the pumps, and see!]

I have her likeness here, but ah!

The lineaments are fainter

Than those portrayed upon this heart—

[You Jack! cast off the painter.]

Those ruby lips; that mild blue eye

The index of the soul;

That grace her every step displays;—

[My timbers! don't she roll!]

Secure from Fashion's fetters, she

To her no homage pays:

That form requires no aid from art—

[She never misses stays!]

When parting last—to calm her fears—

"Cheer thee," I cried, "my joy,

"A cherub's keeping watch aloft—"

[Come down from there, you boy!]

And when to that lov'd home again

I wearied shall arrive,

Methinks I hear her greet me thus—

[Now, d—n it, look alive!]

Oh, Love! thou dost thy Sceptre sway

With more than Monarch's might:

Where's he who dare dispute thy pow'r—

[Why, Captain, there's "the Wight."]

Minstrels to thee attune the lay

That calls forth Bellerose's tear;

Bards quaff Pierian draughts to thee—

[What water have we here?]

Shun those who say the man that weds

Has but his cares increased;

Such men would go to any lengths—

[Five fathom, at the least!]

Oh, Cupid! present be, when I

With hand and heart requite her;

Hymen! do thou our path illumine—

[Steer clear of that there lighter!]

Night comes! I'll to my cabin hie

And seek repose,—nor doubt

There—in my dreams she'll visit me—

[Now mind and keep her out!]

'Tis Morn! and wheresoe'er we bo

On shore I'll quickly hasten;

I'm really sick of this suspense—

[Well, here's the Wapping Basin!]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—C. D. received.—We cannot comply with the request of a Constant Reader at Bath.—We are obliged to J. C., and not the less so because information reached us by a more direct channel, and was published in July (No. 662.)

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COMPARATIVE ANATOMY AND ZOOLOGY.—Prof. Grant, M.D.
MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS.—Prof. Thomson, M.D.
MEDICINE, PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF.—Professor Williams, M.D.
SURGERY, PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF.—Prof. Cooper and Mr. Linton.
PRACTICAL ANATOMY.—The Pupils will be directed in their studies during several hours daily by Mr. Quain and Dr. Sharpey, assisted by Mr. Ellis and Morton.

The following subjects will be taught during the SUMMER TERM:
BOTANY.—Prof. Lindley, M.D.
MIDWIFERY.—Prof. Davis, M.D.
PATHOLOGICAL ANATOMY.—Prof. Carwell, M.D.
FORENSIC MEDICINE.—Professor Thomson, M.D.
PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.—Professor Graham.

HOSPITAL PRACTICE DAILY.
MEDICAL CLINICAL LECTURES.—Dr. Williams, Dr. Thomson, Dr. Carwell.
SURGICAL CLINICAL LECTURES.—Mr. Cooper and Mr. Linton.
Prospectuses and further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College.

S. COOPER, Dean of the Faculty.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.
4th August, 1840.
The Lectures to the Classes of the Faculty of Arts commence on 10th October.—The Junior School Opens on 14th September.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—SCHOLARSHIPS FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS.—Three Scholarships have been founded, to be held by Medical Students matriculated in King's College. Each Scholarship is of the yearly value of £60, and may be held for three years.
Particulars may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, King's College.
July, 1840. J. LONSDALE, Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—DEPARTMENT OF CIVIL ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURE, AND OF SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.
This Department, under the superintendence of Professors Hall, Moseley, Daniell, Wheatstone, Hoeking, and Anstet, and Mr. Brassey, Mr. E. L. Cowper, Mr. J. Tennant, and Mr. H. J. Cantin, will be RE-OPENED on TUESDAY, the 6th October next.

A Junior Class, for Pupils of the age of 14 years or upwards, will also be opened on the same day.
Sept. 1840. J. LONSDALE, Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.—The WINTER SESSION will COMMENCE on THURSDAY, October 1st, when the INTRODUCTORY LECTURE will be given by Professor BUDD, at Two o'clock P.M. precisely.
Three Scholarships have been founded, to be held by Medical Students matriculated in King's College. Each Scholarship is of the yearly value of £60, and may be held for three years.
Particulars may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, King's College.
Sept. 1840. J. LONSDALE, Principal.

GUYS' HOSPITAL.—THE AUTUMNAL COURSE OF LECTURES will commence on THURSDAY, 1st OCTOBER.
Medicine.—Dr. Bright and Dr. Addison.
Materia Medica.—Dr. Addison.
Anatomy and Physiology.—Mr. Bransby Cooper and Mr. E. Cock.
Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Teeth.—Mr. T. Bell.
Descriptive Anatomy.—Mr. E. Cock and Mr. Hilton.
Surgery and Operative Surgery.—Mr. Key and Mr. Morgan.
Midwifery.—Dr. Ashwell.
Comparative Anatomy and Physiology.—Mr. T. W. King and Mr. Hilton.
Chemistry.—Mr. A. Aikin and Mr. A. Taylor.
Botany.—Mr. C. Johnson and Dr. G. Bird.
Medical Jurisprudence.—Mr. A. Taylor.
Medical Philosophy.—Rev. F. G. Bird.
Moral Philosophy.—Rev. F. G. Bird.
Clinical Lectures and Instructions will be given on Medical, Surgical, Ophthalmic, and Obstetric Cases.
Pupils will be permitted to attend the Eye Infirmary and the Obstetric Charity, and also have the use of the Museum, Library, Reading Room, and Botanic Garden, subject to regulations.
For particulars apply to Mr. Stocker, Apothecary to the Hospital.

MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.—The WINTER SESSION will commence on THURSDAY, October 1, 1840.
ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, DEMONSTRATIONS, AND DISSECTIONS, by E. W. Tison, F.R.S., Mr. Erasmus Wilson, and Mr. Lonsdale.
MEDICINE, by J. Copland, M.D. F.R.S., and F. Ligonier, M.D. SURGERY, by H. Mayo, F.R.S.
MIDWIFERY, by J. Norton, F.R.S.
MATERIA MEDICA, by Mervyn Crawford, M.D.
CHEMISTRY, by Mr. Everist.
FORENSIC MEDICINE, by Mr. C. De Morgan.
BOTANY, by Mr. Meade.
CLINICAL MEDICINE, by Dr. Hawkins, Dr. Watson, and Dr. Wilson.
CLINICAL SURGERY, by Mr. Mayo, Mr. Arnott, and Mr. Tison.

Perpetual Fee to the whole of the Lectures 4s.
The INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS on the opening of the Session will be delivered by Herbert Mayo, F.R.S.—on Thursday, October 1st, at Two o'clock.
A Public Distribution of Prizes will take place at the termination of the Winter Session.
The Museum, Library, and Reading-room, are open for the use of the Pupils.
For further particulars apply to the Secretary of the Hospital.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The New Part of the TRANSACTIONS is now ready for delivery to all Fellows of the Society, upon application at this Office. Fellows can also obtain gratis separate Copies of the Report of the Council upon the State of the Society up to May 1840.
21, Regent-street.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SOUTH CRESCENT, Bedford-square, LONDON, founded by Mr. J. BLIGHT, late of Trinity College, Cambridge, will RE-OPEN on MONDAY, the 1st of SEPTEMBER.

This Day School is designed to afford a Collegiate Education, and is restricted to the Sons of Private and Professional Gentlemen.
The Session is divided into three equal Terms, viz. from Christmas to the 25th of April, from the 27th of April to the 1st of July; from the 30th of September to Christmas.
A printed Prospectus of Terms, References, and all needful particulars, may be procured by application at the School.

SCHOOL, FAMILY, AND CLERICAL AGENCY, 30, SOHO-SQUARE.

MR. and MRS. HINTON take leave to offer the services of English and Foreign Governesses, Tutors, Assistants, and occasional Teachers, properly qualified to take every branch of Education. School and Clerical Pupils transferred. Mr. Hinton having personally inspected, can recommend a large and experienced Tutor, Schoolmaster, France, Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland. Letters must be free.

COLONIZATION.—E. HINTON, 30, Soho-square, respectfully states that he is appointed AGENT for the SALE of LAND in the flourishing Colonies, NEW ZEALAND and AUSTRALIA. He has secured in sections of 100 acres in the former, at 1s. per acre—soon to be increased to 1s. 5s. in the latter, 100 rural and one town acre, at 1s. per acre—must be shortly at a premium. A considerable number of parties going out. Prospectuses and particulars as above. Letters, the only expense, must be free.

FOSSILS, MINERALS, ETC.
MR. AUGUST KRANTZ, of Berlin, begs respectfully to notify, that during the approaching Meeting of the British Association, he intends to be in Glasgow, whither he will bring with him from the Continent an extensive and choice Collection of FOSSILS and MINERALS; and he requests that such persons as take an interest in these studies will favour him with a call.
Berlin, August 1, 1840.

LONDON AND BRIGHTON RAILWAY COMPANY.—TENDERS FOR LOANS.—The Directors of this Company are prepared, upon the terms of the Charter, to RECEIVE TENDERS for the LOAN of MONEY, on security of their undertaking, and of the rates and tolls arising therefrom, in sums of not less than £500, and for the term of three, five, or seven years, on interest at the rate of 5s. per cent. per annum, to be paid half-yearly, at Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smith's. The tenders are to express the sums and terms of years for which the same are proposed to be lent, and to be addressed to the Secretary, at the Company's Office, 10, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.—By order of the Board of Directors.
London, March 15, 1840. THOS. WOOD, Sec.

BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS ANNOUNCED at the Annual Dinner, at Blackwall, on the 15th inst. 1840.
Messrs. W. and E. Finden.....£5 5 0
Mr. Eli Seal, Bookbinder.....5 0 0
Mr. Joseph Fellows, Ludgate-street.....5 0 0
Mr. Wallace, at No. 1, St. Paul's Church-yard.....5 0 0
Alex. Gillespie, Esq. America-square.....5 0 0
David Blyth, Esq. London-wall.....2 0 0
Mr. John Mackenzie, Bookbinder.....5 0 0
Henry Butterworth, Esq. Fleet-street.....2 0 0
Mr. F. Ward, Paternoster-row—Annual.....2 0 0
C. M. Westmacott, Esq. (Argus)—Annual.....1 0 0
ADDITIONAL DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM LIFE MEMBERS, &c.
Henry Colburn, Esq.....5 0 0
Mr. Fletcher, Piccadilly.....2 0 0
Mr. C. J. Stewart, King William-street.....1 0 0
Mr. J. Parsons.....1 0 0
Mr. Thomas Roberts.....1 0 0
Mr. P. Mason, Jewin-street.....0 10 0
Mr. D. Warner, at Messrs. Greenland's.....0 10 0

Sales by Auction.
SOUTHGATE'S ROOMS.
By Messrs. SOUTHGATE & SON, at their Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, THIS DAY, FRIDAY, the 9th inst. 1840.

A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION of BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, DRAWINGS, PAINTINGS, &c., comprising the COLLECTIONS of the late THOS. GEORGE, Esq., PORTRAIT PAINTER; including Valuable Works in every department of Literature—Ancient and Modern Engravings—Finished Drawings and Sketches—Paintings in Oil by the Ancient and Modern Masters—The Copper and Steel Plates of the Illustrations to Nicot's Spoken by the most celebrated Modern Engravers—Mahogany Book Cases, Desks, Book Shelves, Oil and Water-colour Drawing Boxes, &c., &c.
May be viewed, and Catalogues had.
Liberal accommodations offered on property intended for immediate Sale.

VALUABLE BOOKS, PRINTS, ETC.
MR. L. A. LEWIS will SELL by AUCTION, at his House, 135, Fleet-street, on FRIDAY 15th, BOOKS, including The Unedited Antiquities of Attica, original edition—Stuart and Revett's Antiquities of Athens, 4 vols.—Durand's Parallèle des Edifices—Narcissus's Parallèle de l'Architecture, by Pugin—Permet sur les Ponts—Paladio Architecture, 4 vols. in 3—Halfpenny's Gothic Ornaments of York Cathedral—Shaw's Mural Ornaments—Shaw's Ancient Furniture—Wood's Letters of an Architect to a Nobleman—Pugin's Specimens of Gothic Architecture, 2 vols.—Britton's Architectural Antiquities, 5 vols.—Britton's Cathedral Antiquities, 5 vols.—Britton and Pugin's Public Buildings, vols. 1, 2.—Scott's Watercolours, 48 vols., red mor.—Scott's Pious Works, 36 vols.—Family Library, 66 vols.—A series of the Annual Register—Mason's Jamaica Plantation, 90 copies.

UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 8, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London.
The first Septennial Division of Profits of this Company will be declared in the ensuing year on all Policies of the participating class effected previous to the 31st December, 1840. Parties, therefore, who wish to insure their Lives, should avail themselves of the opportunity they now have of sharing in the bonus so soon to be declared by immediately making proposals.

The following are the Annual Premiums for the assurance of 100, for the whole period of life, on which half credit may be allowed for five years; which credit may remain at five per cent. interest, to be deducted at death from the sum insured:—
Age. Without Profits. With Profits.
20.....£1 13 10.....£1 18 3 per Cent.
30.....2 10.....2 8 2
40.....2 10.....2 4
50.....4 8.....4 0
Annual Premium for assuring 100, payable at a fixed age, or at death, should it occur before the party attains that age:—
Age to be attained. Sixty. Sixty-five. Seventy. Eighty.
When 20.....£3 6.....£3 5.....£3 6.....£3 6
30.....3 10.....3 15.....3 10.....3 10
40.....4 15.....4 0.....3 9 7
50.....10 14.....9 7.....8 12 2

EXAMPLE.—A person aged 30, by paying an annual premium of £1, becomes entitled to 100, on his attaining the age of 70, or to the same sum should he die before arriving at that age.

For the convenience of parties residing in the City, they may make their appearance and pass the medical examination before the Agents, Edward Frederick Leeks, Esq., 4, Scots-yard, Bush-lane, Cannon-street, and S. F. Youde, Esq., 5, Old Jewry. Every information will be afforded on application to the Resident Director, Edward Boyd, Esq., No. 8, Waterloo-place. Proposals may be accepted on Wednesday at 3 o'clock, and any other day appearance may be made at half-past 3 o'clock, when Frederick Hale Thomson, Esq., the Company's Surgeon, is in attendance. EDWARD LEAKS, ENNOX, Box 10, Sec.

THE YORKSHIRE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, established at YORK, 1844, empowered by Act of Parliament, Capital £200,000.
Agents—The Archb. of York, Sir G. Strickland, Bart. M.P., The Marquis of Londonderry, Sir Francis Lawley, Bart., Earl Fitzwilliam, Sir W. B. Cooke, Bart., The Earl of Tyrconnel, Sir R. A. Inglis, Bart., The Earl of Zetland, Sir S. Crompton, Bart. M.P., The Bishop of Gloucester, The Archdeacon of York, The Archdeacon of Ripon, The Archdeacon of Cleveland (G. F. Barlow, Esq.), Lord Cranworth, Robert Denison, Esq., Lord Howden, G.C.B. K.C., Lord Venloek, Sir E. N. Vassour, Bart., Hon. E. R. Petre, Actuary and Secretary—Mr. W. L. Newman.

The Terms of this Company for LIFE INSURANCES may be found on comparison to be the lowest which can be taken with safety, and particularly for FEMALE LIVES, the lowest charged by any Office in the Kingdom.—The following extracts from the Table (complete Copies of which, with the Rates for the intermediate Ages, may be had on application at the Office in York, or any of the Agents.) will show the Annual Premiums required for securing 100, payable on the decease of

A MALE.			
Age next Birthday.	Premiums for One Year.	Premiums for Seven Years.	Premiums for Whole Life.
20	£0 17 4	£0 16 4	£1 14 4
30	1 12 8	1 16 3	2 19 9
40	3 10 9	4 8 0	6 6 0
50	6 10 0	11 6 6	13 4 4
60	12 17 2	20 18 4	£1 11 6
70	2 10 0	3 9 3	5 12 6
80	13 1 7	15 10 0	13 12 10

Table of Premiums payable for a fixed number of years only.

Age next Birthday.	Annual Premiums payable for 10 Years only.	Annual Premiums payable for 15 Years only.	Annual Premiums payable for 20 Years only.
20	£4 7 3	£3 3 3	£3 12 9
30	6 4 0	4 13 6	3 17 4
40	7 6 4	5 11 0	4 15 4
50	£4 3 0	£3 10 0	£2 9 8
60	12 8	4 10 6	3 9 8
70	17 2	6 9 0	5 9 0

Table of Premiums payable on a Seven Years ascending Scale.

A MALE.			
Age next Birthday.	Annual Premiums payable first 7 Years.	Annual Premiums payable second 7 Years.	Annual Premiums payable for remainder of Life.
20	£1 4 0	£1 9 4	£2 3 6
30	2 11 0	2 11 0	3 12 0
40	3 3 6	3 19 0	5 13 0
50	£1 4 0	£1 9 4	£2 3 6
60	1 10 10	2 7 0	3 8 2
70	3 11 3	3 4 6	6 9 0

Premiums payable on a Seven Years descending Scale.

A FEMALE.			
Age next Birthday.	Annual Premiums payable first 7 Years.	Annual Premiums payable second 7 Years.	Annual Premiums payable for remainder of Life.
20	£3 10 0	£1 14 6	£1 7 9
30	3 10 6	3 19 9	2 10 0
40	5 8 6	4 1 9	3 2 6
50	£2 3 0	£1 11 6	£1 8 9
60	3 4 4	2 12 0	1 17 7
70	2 17 8	3 12 0	3 2 9

Insurances of the following description may also be effected at this Office, viz.: On the First Death of Two Lives; on the Longest of Two Lives; on the First Death of Three Lives; on the Longest of Three Lives; on the Decase of One Life before another. ANNUITIES AND REVERSIONS PURCHASED AND ANNUITIES GRANTED.

FIRE INSURANCES are effected by this Company at the most Moderate Rates for every description of Property. FARMING STOCK insured without the introduction of the Average Clause. Agents are wanted in those Towns where no Appointments have been made; the Commission allowed are such as to render the Agencies worthy the attention of respectable Parties. Applications to be made to Mr. W. L. NEWMAN, Actuary and Secretary, York.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1840.

REVIEWS

The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, founded upon their History. By the Rev. William Whewell, B.D. 2 vols. Parker.

This is a very remarkable work, not only on account of its intrinsic merit, but also for the peculiarity of its position in the history of speculative philosophy, and the manner in which it points out the revolutions of opinion. For what can be more startling than to find that the doctrines of Kant and Transcendental Philosophy, are now promulgated from the university which educated Locke? The school of common-sense metaphysics has flourished little more than a century. Locke, setting out with the principle that all knowledge is derived from experience alone, that is, from sensation or reflection, built on too narrow a formation; and sceptics, perceiving that no demonstration can be derived from experience, took advantage of the defects of his system. The writings of Hume, in particular, drew the attention of Emanuel Kant to these difficulties, and the acute German philosopher, comparing the degrees of certainty attainable in the various branches of human knowledge, arrived at the conclusion that the elements of certainty belong altogether to the constitution of our minds. He revived, in fact, the doctrine of innate ideas, though under another name, calling them forms, or formal apprehensions, or subjective conditions of perception, meaning thereby, ideas annexed to, or superinduced on perceptions by virtue of our intellectual nature; just as the collection of reflected rays of light in a focus, so as to form an image, is ascribable to the concave form of the reflecting surface. Locke probably imagined that while he constantly referred to experience as the source of our knowledge, he followed the Baconian method, and took experiment or observation as the basis of his philosophy. Kant, aware that there was something deficient in the systems which relied so much on sensation, did actually observe attentively, and analyze the phenomena of mind; but he was satisfied to draw from the observation of his own mind the materials for a brief and clear exposition of his doctrines; and it may be doubted whether he has developed and brought into view the whole class of what he calls formal ideas, or, in other words, all those conditions of perception or intellectual forms of the impressions of sense, which are not derived from sensation, but rather from the medium in which our thoughts co-exist. Mr. Whewell confines himself to an investigation of narrower compass, and capable of yielding more exact results. His object is to trace in the History of the Inductive Sciences, the principles of their certainty, and thence to derive practical rules of philosophy. He says—

"The progress of physical science during the last three centuries has given us the means of inquiring, with advantages which former generations did not possess, what that *organ*, or intellectual method, is, by which solid truth is to be extracted from the observation of nature; and though the attempt cannot but be an arduous undertaking, it is so plainly required of the present generation, that any one engaging in it with sobriety and industry, may claim to have his labours soberly and tolerantly estimated. I shall therefore make no apology for what might otherwise appear the presumption of such a design."

As Mr. Whewell is a writer of no ordinary power, it is difficult to clothe his ideas in any other than his own language without doing them injustice. The following paragraphs, explanatory of his purpose, will serve at the same time to exhibit his perspicuity and admirable facility of expression:—

"The writings of all great philosophers, up to our own time, form a series which is not yet terminated. The books and systems of philosophy which have, each in its own time, won the admiration of men, and exercised a powerful influence upon their thoughts, have had each its own part and functions in the intellectual history of the world, and other labours which shall succeed these, may also have their proper office and useful effect." * * In the discovery of truth, in the development of man's mental powers and privileges, each generation has its assigned part; and it is for us to endeavour to perform our portion of this perpetual task of our species. * *

"It will be found that some of the doctrines now most widely prevalent respecting the foundations and nature of truth, are of such a kind that a reform is needed. The present age seems, by many indications, to be called upon to seek a sounder philosophy of knowledge than is now current among us. To contribute towards such a philosophy is the object of the present work. The work is, therefore, like all other works which take into account the most recent forms of speculative doctrine, invested with a certain degree of novelty in its aspect and import, by the mere time and circumstance of its appearance."

"But, moreover, we can point out a very important peculiarity by which this work is, in its design, distinguished from preceding essays on like subjects; and this difference appears to be of such a kind as may well entitle us to expect some substantial addition to our knowledge as the result of our labours. The peculiarity of which I speak has already been announced;—it is this: that we purpose to collect our doctrines concerning the nature of knowledge, and the best mode of acquiring it, from a contemplation of the structure and history of those sciences (the material sciences) which are universally recognized as the clearest and surest examples of knowledge and discovery. It is by studying and surveying the whole mass of such sciences, and the various steps of their progress, that we now hope to approach to the true Philosophy of Science."

When we look at the portly volumes containing "a systematic survey of the whole range of physical science and its history," and at the same time consider the narrow limits within which our remarks must be confined, we involuntarily shrink from the exercise of our critical office. To deal shortly and summarily with so high and so varied an argument, would lay us open to the charge of presumptuousness, and yet our confined space hardly allows us an alternative. We must then, guarding against the danger of being in wandering mazes lost, endeavour to describe briefly the character of a work which professes to accomplish what is "demanded of the present generation"—to estimate the resources brought to the inquiry, and the success attending it. We may abridge our task by stating broadly at the outset, our belief that there hardly exists another individual so capable of discussing the whole range of physical science as Mr. Whewell. To a thorough acquaintance with mathematics, he unites such general knowledge and variety of accomplishment as does away with all bias, and enables him to speak impartially of every pursuit in the field of knowledge. He likewise possesses a matchless command of language, and is able to set forth in luminous and graceful phrase the most recondite truths of science.

These qualifications alone are sufficient to give great value to his work; no one can refuse to recognize in it solid and varied learning, and refined eloquence. The last attribute, indeed, flows in a redundancy which constitutes a pervading blemish. What is difficult and what is easy, the new and the common-place, are all sunk to one level in the declamatory stream. The weakest portions are perhaps those most elaborated; while subtle speculations are at times concluded by phrases satisfactory in sound, and nothing more. Perhaps it is the habit of Mr. Whewell's mind to conceive that he has

finished an inquiry when he has rounded a period. He says, with great justice, "language is often called an instrument of thought; but it is also the nutriment of thought; or, rather, it is the atmosphere in which thought lives; a medium essential to the activity of our speculative powers, although invisible and imperceptible in its operation; and an element modifying, by its qualities and changes, the growth and complexion of the faculties which it feeds." We may add, also, that it is a food which, like the fish diet of the Esquimaux, is very apt to permeate the constitution, and to betray itself, in all the movements of the mind, by what may be called a verbal odour. In the extraordinary work which is the subject of our remarks, we find extensive and accurate knowledge, great mental vigour, mastery of words, and the ambition of universal learning; but we do not perceive in it any symptom of that faculty of brooding over thoughts—of that persevering intense contemplation which compels language to wait humbly on the searching powers of mind, and without which there can be no originality. By cultivating facility of expression, a man may train his thoughts to pour themselves spontaneously, as it were, into the mould of language; but in so doing, he runs the risk of abridging their liberty, and of subjecting them to trammels from which the mind of the stammerer is free. It is in the gift of originality, in penetration and patient sagacity, that our author is deficient; vigorous and correct in his review of science, yet, when he launches into speculation, he rarely rises from the verbal atmosphere above alluded to, into the empyrean of pure thought.

Mr. Whewell states in his preface, that he has adopted Kant's reasonings respecting the nature of space and time, but that nevertheless he dissents widely from the views of that philosopher. It appears to us that he has borrowed the essential doctrines of the Transcendental philosophy, but that he has explained them in a manner incompatible with the clear conceptions of Emanuel Kant. The latter perceived that the ideas of space and time are annexed, more or less, to all our perceptions; they are inseparable from the activity of sense, and may be said to originate in our mental organization. We cannot see, feel, hear, or smell, without the idea of an external world and of a *somewhere*. We cannot continue to perceive without being sensible of the lapse of time. Our existence, if we may express ourselves in the fashion of our author's apophorisms, seems to be the product of three dimensions, viz. space, time, and consciousness. The ideas of space and time, called by Kant subjective conditions of perception, not being obtained empirically or due to sense, are elements of certainty, and as such enter into all our demonstrable knowledge. To the list of these elements, or as he rather loosely denominates them, fundamental ideas, Mr. Whewell adds largely, with what propriety it is not our purpose to discuss; though it may be doubted whether some of these new fundamental ideas, as Force, for example, be anything more than conceptions derived from experience, but for which, abstractedly considered, we find that space may be substituted as an apt symbol. But that which must engage our attention is the manner in which our author endeavours to refer this class of ideas to an act of the mind. In his zeal to take them away altogether from the senses and passive perception, he runs round the circle till, as it appears to us, he settles very near the point from which he was so anxious to escape.

He remarks, with justice, that in many instances inferences are mistaken by us for impressions of sense, as when we imagine that we see the figures of solid bodies. Here, then, there is

mental activity mingled with sensation. It is true that we perseveringly explore the figures of bodies with sight and touch. Our organization ministers, no doubt, in every way to our avidity of sensations, and we are incessantly and purposefully active in conversing with the external world. But does it follow therefore that there is no such thing as passive perception? or have we no ideas which the mind—a term, by the way, too vaguely used by our author—does not help to frame? The eye traverses large figures; but surely there are figures of which it can at once comprehend all the parts. The sensitive spot of the retina, though circumscribed, is yet something more than a mathematical point. We can see, for example, a circle a twentieth of an inch in diameter, and distinguish it from a square of equal area, without any motion of the eye. In like manner, we perceive at a single glance, the crescent figure of the planet Venus. Our author doubts whether the relations of space can be learned by the sense of hearing, without motion. He thinks that the direction of sounds is judged of by the unequal impressions on the ears. Yet some eminent physiologists—among others, Dr. Roget—have supposed that the bony structures of the ear, called the semicircular canals, serve that purpose. At all events, we can certainly distinguish whether a sound be in front or behind us, and consequently can have the idea of space and direction without any movement of the organs. We must therefore dissent from our author when he says—

"Thus it appears that our consciousness of the relations of space is inseparably and fundamentally connected with our own actions in space. We perceive only while we act; our sensations require to be interpreted by our volitions. The apprehension of extension and figure is far from being a process in which we are inert and passive."

Mr. Whewell seems to think that he has discovered the source of the idea of space in what Sir C. Bell has denominated the Sixth Sense, by means of which we have cognizance of the condition of our muscles. It is excusable in the anatomist to fix attention on the importance of a particular vital function by styling it a sense; but the adoption of such a mode of expression in a treatise of philosophy only leads to confusion. But at all events the so called sixth sense is as much mere sense as the other senses. It has no advantage over them unless in having newly come into fashion. It is a groundless assumption to say that "this sixth sense at least, whatever may be the case with the other five, implies an active mind along with the passive sense." For our part we cannot conceive perception without intelligence; passive sense implies the presence of mind; but as to the activity of mind, so closely associated by our author with activity of muscle, it is to us quite incomprehensible. On this head, however, Mr. Whewell thus proceeds to develop his meaning:—

"Upon attentive consideration, it will be clear that a large portion of the perceptions respecting space which appear at first to be obtained by sight alone, are, in fact, acquired by means of this sixth sense. Thus we consider the visible sky as a single surface surrounding us and returning into itself, and thus forming a hemisphere. But such a mode of conceiving an object of vision could never have occurred to us, if we had not been able to turn our heads, to follow this surface, to pursue it till we find it returning into itself. And when we have done this, we necessarily represent it to ourselves as a concave inclosure within which we are. The sense of sight alone, without the power of muscular motion, could not have led us to view the sky as a vault or hemisphere. Under such circumstances, we should have perceived only what was presented to the eye in one position; and if different appearances had been presented in succession, we could not have connected them as parts of the same picture for want of

any perception of their relative position. They would have been so many detached and incoherent visual sensations. The muscular sense connects their parts into a whole, making them to be only different portions of one universal scene."

Surely if the observer were seated on a music stool, and turned round softly, so as not to be sensible of his own motion, but to ascribe it to the heavens, he might in that way get the idea of the etherial vault. And we venture to assert that a large majority of the community, all having tolerably clear ideas of what is meant by sky, have yet never taken the trouble of turning themselves round to observe it returning into itself. Moreover, no landsman has ever seen the entire hemisphere of the heavens; the inhabitants of some of the deep valleys of Switzerland probably do not see above one third of it. Now will Mr. Whewell say whether a man cannot have the idea of the hemisphere without actually measuring it by means of his muscular sense; or, if experience of a portion of it be sufficient, let him say what portion is required; is one third enough? or one thirtieth? or one three-hundredth part of the vault? If Mr. Whewell cannot assign any limit, then we reduce the observed space till we bring the observer into a state of quiescence, and so get rid of the muscular sense. It is the nature of the idea of space, that it admits of being multiplied; any portion of the blue concave of the sky being observed, the mind naturally continues the same uniform appearance in all directions; and this it does by a purely spiritual, not muscular activity.

The same desire to substitute a certain activity of mind or muscle for simple sensation, shows itself in our author's reasoning respecting other fundamental ideas. The idea of Time, he says, "is a bond of connexion among the impressions of sense, derived from a peculiar activity of the mind, and forming a foundation both of our experience and of our speculative knowledge." The nature of this peculiar activity seems to be declared in the assertion that "our perception of the passage of time involves a series of acts of memory." Further on we are told, that "this sense of successiveness, like the muscular sense with which we have compared it, implies activity of the mind itself, and is not a sense passively receiving impressions." If by this it is to be understood that the idea of time involves an act of volition, or anything more than involuntary intelligence, then we dissent altogether from our author's doctrine. Thoughts succeed thoughts in our minds, we know not how; for though we can sometimes discern the bonds that connect them, yet these are only casual links, and we are unable to describe generally the law and manner of their coherence. The principles of the involuntary connexion of ideas, and the velocity with which ideas succeed each other in healthy minds, are curious subjects of speculation, and capable of being illustrated by plain experiments. In our dreams, "when monarch reason sleeps," and with him volition, ideas dance along joined together by the wreaths of natural association; and yet, in our dreams, volition being indisputably absent, we have as clear an idea of time as when awake. The mind feels time in its continuity, and not by a series of acts of memory; in like manner as the hand drawn along the edge of the table feels an unbroken line, and not a series of points. It is possible that our author may explain his expressions so as to reconcile them with the mental phenomena here alluded to; he may shut out volition from the domain of sense; but in that case he would certainly speak more clearly, and perhaps more philosophically, if he would consent to include the necessary and involuntary intelligence attending the senses, in the laws and conditions of percep-

tion, instead of styling them "peculiar activity of mind," and "interpretations of volition," as contradistinguished from perception.

A little patient contemplation will suffice to convince any one that our perceptions of space, or of its modification, figure, and of time, or the succession of ideas in our minds, are, within certain limits, complete, necessary, and involuntary. In confirmation of these views, we may appeal to the construction of our organs. There would have been no need of a retina on which to have external objects pictured, with the relations of space, if we were to rely for our idea of space on the sense of muscular motion. In that case the termination of the optic nerve would have sufficed for vision. But, in fact, we see space, and we hear time; for what is a musical sound but a succession of vibrations, which escape the understanding, but of which the mere sense estimates the comparative velocities with the greatest precision. This is the point from which the philosopher ought to start. He ought to endeavour to exhibit in the fullest light those primary atoms of our intellectual nature. It is true that in the developed man the will takes the entire management of the senses, so that there is some act of volition in almost all our perceptions; and our thoughts are led on by intention and recollection. But this does not disprove the competency of the senses when left to themselves. The irregular shape of a stone does not disprove the symmetry of the crystalline particles of which it is composed; nor does the unlimited extent to which its pulverization may be carried, show that it is not an aggregate of particles entitled to be considered elemental. Yet it is a line of argument analogous to this that Mr. Whewell pursues. Without explicitly denying passive perception, he obliquely attacks it with equal refinement and perseverance, endeavouring to wrest from it the fundamental ideas, on which are grounded all deductive science, in order to give them up to "a certain activity of mind." But what has tempted him into this course—the subtlety of the reasoning, or false analogies? He began with the intention of correcting what he calls the ultra-Lockism of the age, or the tendency to ascribe everything to sensation. This he might have done philosophically by showing that our senses are, at the outset, dipped in that ocean of truth and harmony which fills the universe; and that, exercising them as we may, those fundamental ideas adhere to their exercise, which impart to our knowledge the highest degree of certainty that it ever possesses; for the ideas of space, time, number, and the like, are the sustaining powers of all science. But instead of proceeding in this manner, he tries to resolve the idea of space into "a certain activity of mind," which again proves to be the sense of muscular motion. So that in his endeavour to escape the ancient coalition of the five senses, he rushes into the arms of that upstart the sixth. The latent tendency of his reasoning is to rest our knowledge on sensation and experience. Our sight and touch give us ideas of space, only so far as our sixth sense enables us to grope our way through space. The idea of time also, as explained by our author, seems to lose something of its self-existing and inevitable character, for he represents memory and volition as helping to fabricate that idea, which, as a law of our existence, is ever present to our minds.

To vary this dry argument, we gladly deviate into a digression suggested to us by our author's remarks on rhythm and cadence. In these we perceive modifications of the idea of time, uniting that measure of symmetry and variety which is always acceptable to our minds. But succession alone in its simplest form, is a frequent and influential ingredient in our thoughts. Like a flight of steps, leading on we know not how far,

it carries the mind beyond the circle of reality, and disposes us to grave and solemn contemplations. Hence it is the most frequently recurring idea in Milton's 'Penseroso.' We find it in "the cricket on the hearth," and in "the bellman's drowsy charm." Again, "the minute drops from off the leaves" tell us plainly of the lapse of time; and the same thought is awakened when we hear

..... the far-off curfew sound,
Swinging slow with solemn roar
Over some wide watered shore.

And here we may observe that the painter who should think of representing these wide waters as a smooth and glassy lake, would as little aid the poet's conception as if he were to depict them tossed in disorder by a tempest. Answering to the far-off curfew, swinging slow, must be seen the undulations of the calm waters, leading on in an interminable series till they are lost in the obscurity of the horizon. Regular undulations, or the summer ripple of wide waters, frequently contribute to the majestic effect of Claude Lorraine's landscapes, which invariably, we believe, extend to the natural horizon.

But to return to our author, having pointed out what appears to us to be defective in the explanation of his principles, we now hasten to cast a glance at his practical rules derived from the survey of philosophy, and intended for the guidance of future discoverers. But here Mr. Whewell's great advantages as an expounder of learning completely fail him, and, thrown back on the original resources of his own sagacity, he appears comparatively prolix and unsatisfactory. No precept can be more barren and worthless than the recommendation of "Appropriate Ideas," which our author, conscious of its weakness, insists on with such elaborate eloquence. That we ought to take the right path in every pursuit is a cheap truth, but no practical rule. Nor can we acknowledge the justness with which he exemplifies his precept. Aristotle perceived that though the shadow of a straight-lined edge is a straight line, yet if two such edges be joined at an angle, the luminous angle between them is more or less rounded off; and if light transmitted through a triangular hole be received at a little distance, it is not triangular, but more or less circular. He thence arrived at what Mr. Whewell calls the inappropriate conception of a circular quality in the sun's light. But it is taking too short a method in reproving the Stagyrte, to say that it is demonstrable that the sun's rays in passing through a triangular hole, must, by virtue of their rectilinear movement, form a circular image. The sun's rays do no such thing. Whoever will take the pains to make the experiment, will perceive, that at a short distance from the orifice, the light is triangular, only rounded a little at the angles; and as the distance increases this rounding increases, till the form of the luminous image is nearly circular. He will perceive also that the explanation of the phenomenon consists in this, that we may conceive an image of the sun to be transmitted through every point of the orifice. These images, having their centres in the triangle, form, with their circumferences, a triangle with rounded angles; and as the images are increased by distance, their centres remaining in the same position, their aggregate area approaches more and more to a complete circle, which yet it never actually becomes. This mode of viewing a portion of solar light as a series of discs is adopted by Biot in his explanation of the solar spectrum. This also appears to have been the conception which started into the mind of Aristotle when he ascribed to the sun's light a circular quality. But for this "inappropriate conception" he is sharply reproved by our author, whom we beg to ask, whether by the word

conception he means the same thing as idea; and whether, when he speaks of appropriate ideas, we are to understand him to mean fundamental ideas, or to use this term in a loose and popular sense.

Speaking of intellectual cultivation, and the necessity of exercising those faculties on which the solidity of all our knowledge depends, Mr. Whewell shrewdly remarks that "in a mathematical education, considered as a preparation for furthering or understanding physical science, Geometry is to be cultivated far rather than Algebra;—the properties of space are to be studied and reasoned upon as they are in themselves, not as they are replaced and disguised by symbolical representations." It is a great drawback from the merits of Algebra, that its accumulated symbols and long formulæ, though intelligible to the eye, are not susceptible of a brief and easy verbal expression. They do not readily lend themselves to language, and cannot therefore mingle in our thoughts so effectively as the simple and easily expressed relations of space treated of in Geometry.

Dissenting as we do, from many of Mr. Whewell's speculative tenets, and placing little reliance on the efficacy of his rules of philosophizing, we yet heartily acknowledge that there are few books in our language, or perhaps in any language, which contain so much instruction, of so high an order, and conveyed in a style so clear, full, and captivating. We may compare his work to a great edifice, which, marred by the baldness of its dome, or otherwise failing of the effect which the architect designed, yet, owing to its height, the symmetry of its parts, its well chosen position and elaborate workmanship, is still a grand and admirable structure.

The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, &c. Vol. V. Bentley.

THIS volume contains many new letters; but the old familiar ones have still the best of it. The period embraced is that between 1765 and 1778; during which the gay master of Strawberry Hill relinquished his political career, and gave himself wholly up to the pleasures of antiquarianism, *esprit* and *belles-lettres*. This portion of his life, too, included his visits to Paris—so fruitful of shrewd and lively pencillings, as true and as rich in national character, as at the moment when they were first stowed away in the ambassador's bag to delight the General and the Lady of Park Place, or whomsoever they were addressed to. The royalties of the French court, not forgetting the four Mesdames, "clumsy, plump old wenches, with a bad likeness to their father, standing in a bedchamber, in a row, with black cloaks and knotting-bags, looking good-humoured, and not knowing what to say"—the Du Barris and De Pries of the royal closet—the De Grammonts and De Choiseuls of the royal antechamber—with "the famous beast of the Gevaudan," brought thither as a curiosity—the Geoffrins and Du Deffands, and Henaults, with their *petits soupers* and their *bons mots*, divided between literature and free-thinking;—to say nothing of dear Lady Mary Coke, encountered on the Boulogne road, in full chase of the European sovereigns and other great personages, in her suit of pea-green and silver, as bewitching, if not as learned, as the Queen of Sheba,—

When with hard questions and two roguish eyes,
She rode to puzzle Solomon the Wise,—

it will be long ere we look upon the like again—long ere the airs and graces of the hour, at home and abroad, find such another chronicler.

We shall draw largely upon the new stores in this delightful volume. Even gout, that worst of the plagues of life's decline, is "turned to

favour and to prettiness" by the air of Strawberry Hill:—

"To the Countess of Suffolk.

"Arlington Street, July 9, 1765.

"Madam,—Though instead of getting better as I flattered myself I should, I have gone through two very painful and sleepless nights, yet as I give audience here in my bed to new ministers and foreign ministers, I think it full as much my duty to give an account of myself to those who are so good as to wish me well. I am reduced to nothing but bones and spirits, but the latter make me bear the inconvenience of the former, though they (I mean my bones) lie in a heap over one another like the bits of ivory at the game of straws. It is very melancholy, at the instant I was getting quit of politics, to be visited with the only thing that is still more plaguing. However, I believe the fit of politics going off makes me support the new-comer better. Neither of them indeed will leave me plumper; but if they will both leave me at peace, your ladyship knows it is all I have ever desired. The chiefs of the new ministry were to have kissed hands to-day; but Mr. Charles Townshend, who, besides not knowing either of his own mind, has his brother's minds to know too, could not determine last night. Both brothers are gone to the King to-day. I was much concerned to hear so bad an account of your ladyship's health. Other people would wish you a severe fit, which is a very cheap wish to them who do not feel it: I who do, advise you to be content with it in detail. Adieu! Madam. Pray keep a little summer for me. I will give you a bushel of politics, when I come to Marble Hill, for a tea-cup of strawberries and cream. Mr. Chetwynd, I suppose, is making the utmost advantage of my absence, frisking and cutting capers before Miss Hotham, and advising her not to throw herself away on a decrepit old man. Well, well; fifty years hence he may begin to be an old man too; and then I shall not pity him, though I own he is the best-humoured *lad* in the world now."

The fit, however, so far subdued the sprightliness of the writer, that it was on the 28th of the same month that he addressed the well-known apprehensive and affecting letter to George Montagu, in which all the foreseen terrors of infirmity to come, give a tone dark in proportion to the brilliancy of the sunshine which usually lights up the correspondence. Below we have the plague again, though more lightly borne, still predominant over Lady Hertford's charm, who, on Horace's arrival at Paris, after an absence of six-and-twenty years, "cut him in pieces, and threw him into a caldron with tailors, perriwig-makers, snuff-box-wrights, milliners, &c., which really took up little time," so that he came out quite new—as young as the Will Chetwynd whom he loved so to rally (see the following letter), and who was only—eighty!

"To the Countess of Suffolk.

"Paris, Oct. 16, 1765.

"Though I begin my letter to-day, Madam, it may not be finished and set out these four days; but serving a tyrant who does not allow me many holiday-minutes, I am forced to seize the first that offer. Even now when I am writing upon the table, he is giving me malicious pinches under it. I was exceedingly obliged to Miss Hotham for her letter, though it did not give me so good an account of your ladyship as I wished. I will not advise you to come to Paris, where, I assure you, one has not a nip less of the gout than at London, and where it is rather more difficult to keep one's chamber pure; water not being reckoned here one of the elements of cleanliness. If ever my Lady Blandford and I make a match, I shall insist on her coming hither for a month first, to learn patience. I need have a great stock, who have only travelled from one sick bed to another; who have seen nothing; and who hear of nothing but the braveries of Fontainebleau, where the Duc de Richelieu, whose year it is, has ordered seven new operas besides other shows. However, if I cannot be diverted, my ruin at least is protracted, as I cannot go to a single shop. Lady Mary Chabot has been so good as to make me a visit. She is again gone into the country till November, but charged me over and

over to say a great deal for her to your ladyship, for whom she expresses the highest regard. Lady Brown is still in the country too; but as she loves laughing more than is fashionable here, I expect her return with great impatience. As I neither desire to change their religion or government, I am tired of their perpetual dissertations on those subjects. As when I was here last, which, alas! is four-and-twenty years ago, I was much at Mrs. Hayes's, I thought it but civil to wait on her now that her situation is a little less brilliant. She was not at home, but invited me to supper next night. The moment she saw me I thought I had done very right not to neglect her; for she overwhelmed me with professions of her fondness for me and all my family. When the first torrent was over, she asked me if I was son of the Horace Walpole who had been ambassador here. I said no, he was my uncle. Oh! then you are he I used to call my Nedly! No, Madam, I believe that is my brother! What is my Lord Walpole? My cousin, Madam. Your cousin! why, then, who are you? I found that if I had omitted my visit, her memory of me would not have reproached me much.—Lord and Lady Fife are expected here every day from Spa; but we hear nothing certain yet of their graces of Richmond, for whom I am a little impatient; and for pam too, who I hope comes with them. In French houses it is impossible to meet with anything but what, which I am determined never to learn again. I sit by and yawn; which, however, is better than sitting at it to yawn. I hope to be able to take the air in a few days; for though I have had sharp pain and terrible nights, this codicil to my gout promises to be of much shorter duration than what I had in England, and has kept entirely to my feet. My diet sounds like an English farmer's, being nothing but beef and pudding; in truth the beef is bouilli, and the pudding bread. This last night has been the first in which I have got a wink of sleep before six in the morning; but skeletons can live very well without eating or sleeping; nay, they can laugh too, when they meet with a jolly mortal of this world. Mr. Chetwynd, I conclude, is dancing at country balls and horse-races. It is charming to be so young; but I do not envy one whose youth is so good-humoured and good-natured. When he gallops post to town, or swims his horse through a mill-pond in November, pray make my compliments to him, and to Lady Blandford and Lady Denbigh. The joys of the gout do not put one's old friends out of one's head, even at this distance."

"To the Countess of Suffolk."

"Paris, Dec. 5, 1765."

"Madam,—Miss Hotham need not be in pain for what to say when she gives me an account of your ladyship; which is all the trouble I thought of giving her. If she could make those accounts more favourable, I should be better pleased; but I know what an untractable brute the gout is, and the joy it takes in plaguing everybody that is connected with it. We have the sharpest frost here that ever lived; it has done me great good; and if it has the same effect on your ladyship, I hope you are starved to death. Since Paris has begun to fill in spite of Fontainebleau, I am much reconciled to it, and have seen several people I like. I am established in two or three societies, where I sup every night; though I have still resisted whist, and am more constant to my old flame too during its absence than I doubt I have been to my other passions. There is a young Comtesse d'Égmont, daughter of Marshal Richelieu, so pretty and pleasing, that, if I thought it would break anybody's heart in England, I would be in love with her. Nay, Madam, I might be so within all rules here. I am twenty years on the right side of red heels, which her father wears still, and he has still a wrinkle to come before he leaves them off. The Dauphin is still alive, but kept so only by cordials. Yet the Queen and Dauphiness have no doubt of his recovery, having the Bishop of Glandève's word for it, who got a promise from a vision under its own hand and seal. The Dauphin has certainly behaved with great courage and tranquillity, but is so touched with the tenderness and attention of his family, that he now expresses a wish to live.—If there is no talk in England of politics and parliaments, I can send your ladyship as much as you please from hence; or if you want English themselves, I can send you about fifty head; and I assure you we shall still be well

stocked. There were three card-tables full of lords, ladies, gentlemen, and gentlewomen, the other night at Lady Berkeley's."

To match this Paris gossip, we shall give an English letter to General Conway, more sparkling after its kind. There is nothing in any series already published better than Mrs. Cavendish in her bathing-tub:—

"To the Hon. H. S. Conway."

"June 17, 1771."

"You tax me with four days in Bedfordshire; I was but three at most, and of those the evening I went and the morning I came away, made the third day. I will try to see you before I go. The Edgcombess I should like and Lady Lyttelton, but Garrick does not tempt me at all. I have no taste for his perpetual buffoonery, and am sick of his endless expectation of flattery; but you who charge me with making a long visit to Lord and Lady Ossory,—you do not see the mote in your own eye; at least I am sure Lady Ailesbury does not see that in hers. I could not obtain a single day from her all last year, and with difficulty got her to give me a few hours this. There is always an indispensable phœnistray that must be visited, or something from which she cannot spare four-and-twenty hours. Strawberry sets this down in its pocket-book, and resents the neglect. At two miles from Houghton Park is the mausoleum of the Bruces, where I saw the most ridiculous monument of one of Lady Ailesbury's predecessors that ever was imagined; I beg she will never keep such company. In the midst of an octagon chapel is the tomb of Diana, Countess of Oxford and Elgin. From a huge unwieldy base of white marble rises a black marble cistern; literally a cistern that would serve for an eating room. In the midst of this, to the knees, stands her ladyship in a white domino or shroud, with her left hand erect as giving her blessing. It put me in mind of Mrs. Cavendish when she got drunk in the bathing-tub. At another church is a kind of catacomb for the Earls of Kent: there are ten sumptuous monuments. Wrest and Hawnes are both ugly places; the house at the former is ridiculously old and bad. The state bedchamber (not ten feet high) and its drawing-room, are laced with Ionic columns of spotted velvet, and friezes of patchwork. There are bushels of deplorable carls and countesses. The garden was execrable too, but is something mended by Brown. Houghton Park and Ampthill stand finely: the last is a very good house, and has a beautiful park. The other has three beautiful old fronts, in the style of Holland House, with turrets and loggias, but not so large within. It is the worst contrived dwelling I ever saw. Upon the whole, I was much diverted with my journey. On my return I stayed but a single hour in London, saw no soul, and came hither to meet the deluge. It has rained all night and all day; but it is midsummer, consequently mid-winter, and one can expect no better. Adieu!"

This volume, too, contains new letters to Sir David Dalrymple, Gibbon, and Jephson (the author of the now forgotten 'Braganza'), in which their literary undertakings are discussed. From those addressed to the first gentleman, some fragments may be picked out, which are of no age or epoch:—

"Authors must content themselves with hoping that two or three intelligent persons in an age will understand the merit of their writings, and those authors are bound in good breeding to suppose that the public in general is enlightened. They who are in the secret know how few of that public they have any reason to wish should read their works."

"I was particularly pleased with your just and sensible preface against the squeamish or bigotted persons who would bury in oblivion the faults and follies of princes, and who thence contribute to their guilt; for if princes, who living are above control, should think that no censure is to attend them when dead, it would be new encouragement to them to play the fool and act the tyrant. When they are so kind as to specify their crimes under their own hands, it would be foppish delicacy indeed to suppress them. I hope you will proceed, Sir, and with the same impartiality. It was justice due to Charles to publish the extravagancies of his enemies too. The compa-

risson can never be fairly made, but when we see the evidence on both sides. I have done so in the trifles I have published, and have as much offended some by what I have said of the Presbyterians at the beginning of my third volume of the Painters, as I had others by condemnation of King Charles in my Noble Authors."

We shall add to the above, as literary curiosities—for it is to be hoped that authors do not flatter each other now-a-days in such fine language—a letter of acknowledgment to Gibbon for his 'Decline and Fall'; and a letter of counsel to the dramatic writer we have alluded to, with a peep at the first successes of Sheridan's masterpiece:—

"To Edward Gibbon, Esq."

"February 14, 1776."

"After the singular pleasure of reading you, Sir, the next satisfaction is to declare my admiration. I have read great part of your volume, and cannot decide to which of its various merits I give the preference, though I have no doubt of assigning my partiality to one virtue of the author, which, seldom as I meet with it, always strikes me superiorly. Its quality will naturally prevent your guessing which I mean. It is your amiable modesty. How can you know so much, judge so well, possess your subject, and your knowledge, and your power of judicious reflection so thoroughly, and yet command yourself and betray no dictatorial arrogance of decision? How unlike very ancient and very modern authors! You have, unexpectedly, given the world a classic history. The fame it must acquire will tend every day to acquit this panegyric of flattery. The impressions it has made on me are very numerous. The strongest is the thirst of being better acquainted with you—but I reflect that I have been a trifling author, and am in no light profound enough to deserve your intimacy, except by confessing your superiority so frankly, that I assure you honestly, I already feel no envy, though I did for a moment. The best proof I can give you of my sincerity, is to exhort you, warmly and earnestly, to go on with your noble work—the strongest, though a presumptuous mark of my friendship, is to warn you never to let your charming modesty be interrupted by the acclamations your talents will receive. The native qualities of the man should never be sacrificed to those of the author, however shining. I take this liberty as an older man, which reminds me how little I dare promise myself that I shall see your work completed! But I love posterity enough to contribute, if I can, to give them pleasure through you. I am too weak to say more, though I could talk for hours on your history. But one feeling I cannot suppress, though it is a sensation of vanity. I think, nay, I am sure I perceive, that your sentiments on government agree with my own. It is the only point on which I suspect myself of any partiality in my admiration. It is a reflection of a far inferior vanity that pleases me in your speaking with so much distinction of that, alas! wonderful period, in which the world saw five good monarchs succeed each other. I have often thought of treating that Elysian era. Happily it has fallen into better hands!"

"To Robert Jephson, Esq."

"Strawberry Hill, July 13, 1777."

"You have perhaps, Sir, paid too much regard to the observations I took the liberty to make, by your order, to a few passages in 'Vitellia,' and I must hope they were in consequence of your own judgment too. I do not doubt of its success on the stage, if well acted; but I confess I would answer for nothing with the present set of actors, who are not capable in tragedy of doing any justice to it. Mrs. Barry seems to me very unequal to the principal part, to which Mrs. Yates alone is suited. Were I the author, I should be very sorry to have my tragedy murdered, perhaps miscarry: Your reputation is established; you will never forfeit it yourself—and to give your works to unworthy performers is like sacrificing a daughter to a husband of bad character. As to my offering it to Mr. Colman, I could merely be the messenger. I am scarce known to him, have no right to ask a favour of him, and I hope you know me enough to think that I am too conscious of my own insignificance and private situation to give myself an air of protection, and more particularly to a work of yours,

Sir. What could I say, that would carry greater weight, than 'This piece is by the author of Braganza'? A tragedy can never suffer by delay: a comedy may, because the allusions or the manners represented in it may be temporary. I urge this, not to dissuade your presenting Vitellia to the stage, but to console you if both theatres should be engaged next winter. My own interests, from my time of life, would make me with reason more impatient than you to see it represented, but I am jealous of the honour of your poetry, and I should grieve to see Vitellia at Covent Garden—not that, except Mrs. Yates, I have any partiality to the tragic actors at Drury-lane, though Smith did not miscarry in Braganza—but I speak from experience. I attended 'Caractacus' last winter, and was greatly interested, both from my friendship for Mr. Mason and from the excellence of the poetry. I was out of all patience; for though a young Lewis played a subordinate part very well, and Mrs. Hartley looked her part charmingly, the Druids were so massacred, and Caractacus so much worse, that I never saw a more barbarous exhibition. Instead of hurrying 'The Law of Lombardy,' which, however, I shall delight to see finished, I again wish you to try comedy. To my great astonishment there were more parts performed admirably in 'The School for Scandal,' than I almost ever saw in any play. Mrs. Abington was equal to the first of her profession, Yates, the husband, Parsons, Miss Pope, and Palmer, all shone. It seemed a marvellous resurrection of the stage. Indeed, the play had as much merit as the actors. I have seen no comedy that comes near it since the 'Provoked Husband.'—I said I was jealous of your fame as a poet, and I truly am. The more rapid your genius is, labour will but the more improve it. I am very frank, but I am sure that my attention to your reputation will excuse it. Your facility in writing exquisite poetry may be a disadvantage; as it may not leave you time to study the other requisites of tragedy so much as is necessary. Your writings deserve to last for ages; but to make any work last, it must be finished in all parts to perfection. You have the first requisite to that perfection, for you can sacrifice charming lines, when they do not tend to improve the whole. I admire this resignation so much, that I wish to turn it to your advantage. Strike out your sketches as suddenly as you please, but retouch and retouch them, that the best judges may for ever admire them. The works that have stood the test of ages, and been slowly approved at first, are not those that have dazzled contemporaries and borne away their applause, but those whose intrinsic and labour-ed merit have shone the brighter on examination. I would not curb your genius, Sir, if I did not trust it would recoil with greater force for having obstacles presented to it. You will forgive my not having sent you the 'Thoughts on Comedy,' as I promised. I have had no time to look them over and put them into shape. I have been and am involved in most unpleasant affairs of family, that take up my whole thoughts and attention. The melancholy situation of my nephew Lord Orford, engages me particularly, and I am not young enough to excuse postponing business and duties for amusement. In truth, I am really too old not to have given up literary pleasures. Nobody will tell one when one grows dull, but one's time of life ought to tell it one. I long ago determined to keep the archbishop in Gil Blas in my eye, when I should advance to his caducity; but as dotage steals in at more doors than one, perhaps the sermon I have been preaching to you is a symptom of it. You must judge of that, Sir. If I fancy I have been wise, and have only been peevish, throw my lecture into the fire. I am sure the liberties I have taken with you deserve no indulgence, if you do not discern true friendship at the bottom of them."

The sixth, and last volume, ought to be richer in new letters than the one just closed. The latter is illustrated by portraits of the author himself, General Conway, Lady Ailesbury, and Lady Di. Beauclerk, whose illustrations to Bürger's 'Lenore,' since, like 'Braganza,' displaced by fresher novelties, were, in their time, an eighth wonder in the world of art, as being the work of an amateur.

Illustrations of the Breeds of the Domestic Animals of the British Islands, consisting of a series of Coloured Lithographic Prints of the Horse, Ox, Sheep, Goat, and Hog; with Descriptive Memoirs. By David Low, Esq., F.R.S.E., Professor of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, &c. Folio; Paris 1 to 4. Longman & Co.

THE introduction of superior breeds of domestic animals, is among the most important benefits that can be conferred on society; and we confidently hope and believe, that the meetings of the Agricultural Society, recently established, and so cordially supported by men of rank and wealth in all parts of the country, will have a beneficial influence on this as well as other important questions connected with agriculture. The Council, however, must not rest content with the *éclat* of its annual meetings, but aim at permanent and practical utility; and it could not do better, in our opinion, than establish such a museum as that founded, we believe, by the author of the work before us, and who, by his exertions, has succeeded in obtaining for the University of Edinburgh the establishment of a Professorship of Agriculture. The good that might result from a like professorship in one or both of our Universities can hardly be foreknown: it is not necessary that every estated gentleman should be a practical farmer, but it is of the utmost importance that he should have some knowledge of the great fundamental principles of agriculture. A public museum also, attached to one or other of our Universities or to the Agricultural Society, which should contain models of the most approved implements, samples of the various kinds of grain, and of the different kinds of soils, &c., could not fail of being serviceable; and to these might with propriety and benefit be added, a series of portraits of the various breeds of cattle.

Such, doubtless, were the considerations which induced the author of the present work to form the Agricultural Museum, now established in the University of Edinburgh. This collection is still in progress, and it has furnished the subjects from which these Illustrations are derived; Illustrations which, when complete, will contain specimens of all the most important and characteristic races of the country.

Of the value of a correct knowledge of the different breeds of these animals, and of their capabilities and adaptation for particular purposes and districts, there can be no diversity of opinion. Mr. Low well observes, in his preface, "From the produce of live stock in this country, a large part of the subsistence of the people, of the materials of our manufactures, of the profits of the farmer, and of the revenue of the landholder, is derived. Over a great part of the kingdom tillage is difficult or impracticable, and the only valuable production is live stock; and it is not too much to assert, that half the rental of the British islands is derived from this source. These considerations will make it appear how much the study and advancement of this department of rural economy merits the attention of those who seek to widen the channels of native industry." Yet, such is the ignorance which prevails in many parts of the kingdom, that over large tracts of country races of very inferior quality are pertinaciously, or rather, we should say, ignorantly maintained, whilst the easiest means are at the command of the farmer to improve the breed, and supply their place by others better suited to those localities. Thus, says Mr. Low, over the greater part of Wales, there are races of wild, diminutive sheep, which, in economical value, will not bear comparison with those which could be supplied from other mountain districts. In Kerry, and stretching along the

western coast of Ireland, in place of such sheep as the country could maintain, are to be seen assemblages of animals of the size of dogs, and as wild as antelopes, neither having wool suited to the use of manufactures, nor capable of being fattened to any size. Even in the heart of Yorkshire, there is a breed of sheep covering a considerable tract of country, which, from its coarseness of form and inaptitude to fatten, ranks in the lowest class of cultivated sheep; and in every part of the kingdom we may see examples of the vast public and private loss which results from ignorance of the relative value and economical uses of the different breeds of our domestic animals. It is true that it was not until the middle of the last century that any great improvements in breeding were undertaken, and the practice reduced to a system, founded on well-established principles; and the evils against which Mr. Low complains, result from the ignorance of the great body of farmers, who, from their isolated position, are generally mere rule-of-thumb men, following long-established practice, their faith in which nothing but a more extended education can remove; though an occasional visit to the Annual Meetings of the Agricultural Society may, at least, awaken a suspicion that there is something more required in farming than is dreamed of in their no-philosophy. In this respect, the horticulturist is far before the agriculturist.

Mr. Low, we perceive, in his observations on the benefit to be derived from crossing, employs the terms *superior* and *inferior*: but these terms are conventional: that which constitutes superiority in one case would be inferiority in another, as, indeed, he has clearly shown with reference to the Ayrshire breed, which is, he tells us, well "suited to the purposes of the dairy, and at the same time hardy and fitted to subsist on ordinary food," but which, by being crossed either with the Herefords or Durhams, which are nevertheless regarded as a *superior*, would produce a breed inferior to both races. This evidently results from a circumstance too little attended to; that superiority in these animals does not consist altogether either in their capability of yielding a large supply of milk, or in their becoming fine cattle for the market, but has reference to their adaptation to particular circumstances: thus, the West Highland breed would become inferior if transplanted to North Devon, and the North Devon breed inferior if removed to Scotland.

It is time, however, to give the reader a more precise account of the work before us. It is of folio size, and each part contains four plates, with coloured figures of from four to eight animals. The original portraits were made from animals selected from the stocks of eminent breeders, wherever the best examples presented themselves, and were executed by Mr. Shields, of the Royal Scotch Academy, whose time has been devoted for upwards of seven years to the subject, and who is still engaged in completing the series. The paintings were made with the utmost regard to fidelity, so that all the essential characters of external form may be shown. From this collection a certain number of breeds of the greatest interest have been selected, so as to furnish a series of illustrations of the existing races, whereby agriculturists will be supplied with the means of making themselves acquainted with those differences of character by which the various races are distinguished, and of which no sufficient idea can be obtained by mere description. Mr. Low's work is got up in a style in every way worthy of the subject, and is justly entitled to rank as a national work. Each Part is devoted to one animal: the first and fourth to the ox; the second to the sheep; and the third to the hog. The plates are admirably lithographed,

carefully coloured, and, we doubt not, are perfect copies of the originals. We would especially notice the Siamese sow with her farrow; not forgetting the little white runtling, almost hidden by the fat fellow, so intently occupied. The very sight of these youngsters brought to our recollection Charles Lamb's admirable paper on roast pig.

The descriptive letter-press is also carefully executed, comprising not only the description of the various breeds illustrated, and their peculiar characters and properties, but interesting historical notices of the various races, and a brief general history of the zoological groups to which the animals respectively belong. But though notices appear of the exotic species, we cannot but remark that no sufficient account is given of the different breeds to be met with in the British islands, and which, in fact, it was the especial object of the work to treat—with the exception, of course, of such as are represented in the plates. We are aware that descriptions are to be found in other works, but it would, we think, add to the value of the beautiful one before us, to give a well arranged list, or rather *catalogue raisonné* of the English breeds.

Having in a previous volume of the *Athenæum* (see No. 565) given numerous details relative to the wild, or white forest breed of oxen, which has also been termed the Chillingham breed, we may quote the following particulars relative to its ancient existence in Scotland, whence it is said to have been driven southwards. Mr. Low observes, that—

"John Leslie, bishop of Ross, who wrote in 1598, states that the wild ox, *Bos sylvæstris*, was found in the woods of Scotland; that it was of a white colour, had a thick mane resembling a lion's, that it was wild and savage, and, when irritated, rushed upon the hunters, overthrew the horses, and dispersed the attacks of the fiercest dogs. He says that it had formerly abounded in the Sylva Caledonia, but was then only to be found at Stirling, Cumbernauld, and Kincardine. Hector Bruce, in his History and Chronicles of Scotland, bears testimony to the like effect:—'At this town (namely Stirling) began the gret wod of Caledon. This wod of Caledon ran fra Striveling throw Menteith and Stratherne to Atholl and Lochquair, as Ptolome writtis in his first table. In this wod wes sum time quhit bullis, with crisp and curland mane, like feirs lions, and thought they semit meek and tame in the remanent figure of their bodis; thay wer mair wild than any uthir beistis, and had sich hatrent aganis the societe and company of men, that they come nevir in the wodis nor lesuris quhair thay fand ony feit or haind thairrof, and moy dayis eftir, thay eit nocht of the herbis that wer twicht or handillit be men. Thir bullis wer sa wild that thay wer nevir tane but slight and crafty laubour, and sa impacient that, eftir thair taking, thay deit for importable doloure. Als sone as ony man invadit thir bullis, thay ruschit with so terrible preis on him, that thay dang him to the eord, takand na feir of houndis, scharp lances, nor uthir maist penitive wapintis. And thought thir bullis wer bred in sindry boundis of the Caledon wod, now, be continewal hunting and lust of insolent men, thay ar destroyit in all party of Scotland and nane of thaim left bot allanerlie in Cumarnald.'"

Here, however, they were also subjected to persecution; and "in a remarkable document written in 1570-71, the writer, describing the aggressions of the king's party, complains of the destruction of the deer in the forest of Cumbernauld, 'and the quhit ky and bullis of the said forrest, to the gryt destructione of polecie, and hinder of the commonweil. For that kynd of ky and bullis hes bein keptit thir money zeiris in the said forest; and the like was not mantenit in ony uthir partis of the Ile of Albion.'"

The author then adduces various arguments to prove, that neither as respects their white colour, nor their peculiar habits, are these wild cattle to be regarded as a species distinct from the domesticated oxen.

Of the practical nature of many of the observations, we may quote the following relative to the distinctions between the breeds of oxen fitted for the mountains or lowlands:—

"It is well known to all breeders, that a certain class of external characters indicates a disposition to arrive at an early maturity of bone and muscle, and so become easily fat. The most essential of these characters are, a large cylindrical body, dependent upon the greater curvature of the ribs, a body large with relation to the limbs, or in other words, limbs short with relation to the body, a broad expanded chest, a skin soft to the touch and expansible, a relative smallness of the bones, and an absence of coarseness in the extremities. In certain breeds of the lower countries, these characters may be developed to a high degree; but in a country of mountains and heaths, with a cold, humid, ungenial climate, there must be combined with these a set of characters indicative of that hardness of constitution, without which the animals would be unsuited to the condition in which they are placed. That extreme delicacy of form, which can be easily communicated by breeding, must be avoided. The hair, while it is silky, unctuous, and free from harshness, should be abundant and curling; the neck should be strong and muscular, the forehead rather broad, and the nose from the eyes to the muzzle short; a dewlap should exist as a character of the breed; the eyes should be prominent and clear; the horns should be of good length, without approaching to the coarseness of the long horns of the lower country, spreading and tipped with black."

The observations also on the improvements which might be effected in the sheep of Wales—a question of great importance—are especially deserving of attention.

Having thus referred to the pictorial, historical, and economical details of this beautiful work, we shall conclude with some remarks on the origin of the various breeds of domestic animals, which cannot fail of being interesting to the naturalist; first premising that a more curious variation than is pointed out below in the races of the hog, occurs in the sheep, namely, the extraordinary elongation of the tail in the cultivated races, whilst it is very short in the original stock; and the singular modification of form to which all domestic quadrupeds, as well as birds, are subject.

"When the hog is brought from the wild to the domestic state, food is supplied to him in larger quantity than he is enabled to procure in his natural condition. This produces an enlargement of certain parts of the body; but the increase of size in one part of the body necessarily implies a corresponding modification in others. Thus, when the supplies of food are increased, the size of the stomach and intestinal canals, and consequently of the abdominal cavity, becomes extended, and this is indicated by a prolongation of the back, and the enlargement of the capacity of the trunk. To support this increased volume, the limbs are placed at a greater lateral distance from one another. The tendency to secretion of fat increases in a greater proportion than the tendency to the production of muscle and bone. With these changes the animal becomes less fit for active motion, and the exercise of his powers of self-defence; and not only do these changes take place in the individual, but he communicates them to his progeny, and thus a form acquired becomes permanent by transmission in the race."

After showing that similar modifications of form take place in the ox, sheep, goose, and duck, Mr. Low proceeds,—

"Nor are the changes which thus occur in the form and characters of animals, from alteration in the conditions in which they are placed, of a slight or superficial kind. They are often as great in degree as those which are employed to distinguish species; and if we are to apply the term species to indicate differences of form alone, we might say that the domesticated hog was specifically distinct from the wild one. The number of teeth is regarded as the most constant of characters in the discrimination of species, and naturalists are in the constant use of employing it in classification. But the character is

in no degree constant, but varies with the external agents which affect the animals. In the wild state, the hog has six incisor teeth in the upper, and six in the lower jaw; but under the effects of domestication, the number is reduced to three in each jaw; and this number is not constant. The vertebrae of the back vary from fourteen to fifteen in number, the lumbar from four or five to six; the sacral from four to six, the caudal from twenty-three to three or four, the tail being often rudimental in the domesticated races."

Reference is then made to Mr. Eyton's valuable paper on this subject, in the Transactions of the Zoological Society for February 1837, in which various races of hogs offer the following variations in the number of their vertebrae:—

English Male	7	13	6	5	3	Total 55
African Female	7	13	6	5	3	44
Chinese Male	7	13	4	4	19	49
Wild Boar	7	14	5	4	80	80
Domestic Hog	7	14	5	4	23	83

"Now all these races breed with one another as freely as those admitted to be of the same race; and the offspring of all of them are as fruitful as the parent stock. Mr. Eyton naturally inquires, if we are to regard the African and Chinese races as species distinct from the others? But these two races do not differ more from the common wild hog than the latter does from the domesticated hog. The safer inference is, that all these animals are specifically the same, under the common acceptance of the term species; and that the differences in their conformation are the result of the different conditions under which they are placed with relation to food, climate, and other agents."

So far we perfectly agree with the writer; but when he adds, that "naturalists may term them distinct species if they will, for the characters which distinguish species, as those which distinguish genera, classes, and orders, are but conventional," we are bound to enter our protest against his views. It does not follow, because certain animals are brought out of a state of nature, and greatly modified by domestication, that species have no real existence in nature. The horticulturist does in like manner so completely metamorphose a plant by cultivation,* that its varieties differ more from each other than the original parent differed from its congenerous species; but this is no argument against the existence of distinct species in nature. This is not, however, the place to enter into this question, and therefore we take leave of the work, heartily wishing its author success in his undertaking, as well as in the prosecution of his design for the complete establishment of an Agricultural Museum.

The Palace of Architecture: a Romance of Art and History. By George Wightwick, Architect. Fraser.

THE author's object is explained in his dedication and preface. It is "to promote a just appreciation of Architecture in the minds of all who are susceptible of the beautiful, the poetical, and the romantic. * * The work, however vainly, aspires to that station in regard to Architecture, which the novels of Scott occupy in relation to history. To open another source of enjoyment to those who delight in the Imaginative, and, at the same time, to afford in a more pleasing form than has been usual the necessary degree of technical information. The Picture, the Sentiment, and the Association, with which the subject seems, are therefore prominently regarded; while so much of its science as is necessary to critical estimation, and to a knowledge of the general principles of design, is involved in its treatment."

This intention is worked out after a somewhat novel fashion. The 'Palace of Architecture' is supposed to be the work of some great architect, commanding unbounded resources, who has

* We believe that above 1000 named varieties have been manufactured, within the last twenty-five years, out of the common pansy.

laboured in secret for half a century to erect the vast temples now first exposed to public view. When the barrier, which has so long excluded the curious public, is thrown down, "the Prince Architect" thus addresses the "admirable multitude":—

"You will see, within this domain, an epitome of the Architectural world. Mine is, as it were, a palace of congress, wherein you will be successively addressed by humble (but, it is hoped, characteristic) representatives of the great families of Design in ancient and Mahomedan India, China, Egypt, Greece, ancient and modern Italy, Turkey, Moorish Spain, and Christian Europe. In two or three of the buildings inviting your later notice, you will observe an arrangement and modified style, illustrating my particular notions of the manner in which modern feelings, customs, and requirements, may be most efficiently met; but in all other examples, I seek chiefly to inform you of the principle and sentiment, which govern and distinguish the several varieties of Architecture represented."

We are unwilling to say anything that could tend to check this fanciful enthusiasm, or prejudice a work on which much labour has been bestowed and great expense incurred, but must in plain sincerity confess that "the Prince Architect" is not the architect we should choose to employ. To the general reader his work will be of very little use; it may be suggestive, but the reasoning is far too loose to afford much instruction. Again, had he with becoming modesty exhibited in illustration of his argument the best examples extant of the various styles to which he referred, some knowledge, at least of form, would have been obtained from a mere inspection of the plates, and, to a certain extent, the eye would have been educated; whereas the fanciful things here sketched are but indifferent as examples, are often carelessly drawn, and, in some instances, as in the Egyptian monuments, and the different Moorish details, are little better than caricatures.

The want of any fixed principle in the mind of the architect, is best illustrated by contrasting his own remarks and his conclusions. Nothing can be more true than the following:—

"When we attempt to reconcile the architectural type of the old Catholic ceremonies of procession and pageantry, with the practice of the Protestant Church, we vainly seek, as it were, to make one language speak the idiom of another. That the modern *sittings*, in our ancient churches, are both *un-fit* as to convenience, and utterly destructive of the architectural effect originally intended, is a fact which will, we think, be admitted by every candid reasoner."

Yet, in another page, we are told that—

"The Lancet style has also a claim upon the favour of all modern church-builders, on account of its comparative simplicity, and consequent cheapness. It warrants the indulgence of our partiality for the forms of olden time, without requiring that prodigal outlay which is necessary to develop the true character of the elaborate styles which followed. It admits a *minimum* and *maximum* of the decorative, more distant than is the case with its successors. It is, in its simplest state, as suitable to a Village Charity School, as, in its most ornate form, to a City Church."

Here, again, is the author's anticipated criticism of posterity on the architecture of the present age:—

"The British of the nineteenth century had no necessity for emulating those vast Temples of Antiquity, which they nevertheless regarded with unqualified admiration, as sufficiently appears in their numerous published works, and in the various buildings, public and private, which they so suitably dressed in the antique fashions. Their Churches, although comparatively limited in scale, uncouth in material, and spare in decoration, are most worthy of regard, as showing how well they subdued their imaginations to the level of their necessities. The National Church was poor: the Dissenting body numerously subdivided, and therefore poorer still.

The Episcopalian chapel was built with money laboriously obtained; while that of the Dissenter depended wholly on subscription. We are, therefore, the more called upon to applaud the modest eloquence, with which these Buildings, at once declare the refined taste, and limited means, of their Architects, who no longer (as was the case before) perpetrated burlesques in little, on the great things of old; though they continued to re-employ such *antique* details as really suited their purpose."

Now, although without cost it is impossible to produce much architectural effect, this reason does not excuse the worst faults of "modest eloquence and refined taste," as shown in modern churches, which are not their simplicity, or even the nakedness and poverty of the design, but their absurd and vulgar imitations of every style, carried just as far as the money permitted. In another page we meet with the following sensible observations:—

"He, however, who would rival the Greek Temple, must imitate—not the temple—but the Greek: not the Parthenon, which was simply designed for purposes which no longer exist; but the Architect, whose object was to render his work intelligible as an expositor of his country's religious and intellectual distinction. York Minister is, in spirit, more like the Parthenon, than any now-erected *fac-simile* of the latter could possibly be."

Yet the frontispiece of the work is the author's design for a Royal Palace, of which we have the following description:—

"The required conveniences of the Palace being stated, I was commissioned fully to consider these, and to afford no more than the imperative degree of superficial splendour befitting the abode of limited Monarchy. A shell was designed; including many chambers, of the differing forms and sizes required for the state, the business, and the domestic services of the Palace. *Provision and arrangement*, in short, formed the absolute master-theme, subject only to the local circumstances of climate and site, and to the required preservation of a uniform outline.—though, at present, with no reference to style. The general form of the main building being thus decided on, the external approaches were next considered. The pomp of levies requiring the frequent assemblage of splendid equipages, covered ways were provided, each formed by a spacious roof on posts, having such length, that, during the slow procession of the arrived carriages, they might be sheltered. It was necessary, also, that an elevated and covered platform should be constructed, for the occasional appearance of the Sovereign before the Public. The simple design being thus in substance complete, its decoration was next considered. The Builder's work was now to be advanced to the dignity of a work of Art. The simple *Fact* being established, it was next for *Poetry* to exalt it,—to inform it with that speaking beauty which constitutes the 'life' of the building,—to make that which is, express itself as *being* so,—to make the Truth, truer,—to invest with an eloquent grace, the automaton action of utility,—and, at once to address the judgment and the imagination with suitable but elevating metaphor. It now immediately appeared, that the form and character of Greek and Roman decoration were self-suggested. The posts and beams, therefore, became Columns and Entablatures. The central covered platform (where Monarchy was to appear before its subject multitude) assumed the aspect of the Greek Portico. The grand saloon, in the midst of the building, requiring light from above the surrounding roofs, threw up its circular Lantern, and the Dome vaulted over it as by prescriptive right. In short, a *body* had been formed, to which the costumes of Greece and Rome were so precisely suited, that they were at once received with thanks, as the gifts of anticipating Antiquity; and my palace, therefore, arose, indebted to Pericles and Augustus for that superficial expression, which was, nevertheless, declaratory of the substantial truth."

How "it immediately appeared" that the form and character of Greek and Roman decoration were self-suggested, we poor mole-eyed critics do not so clearly perceive. The "post and beams" were, we should think, just as likely to suggest piers and arches, &c. The design, however, on

which "the Prince Architect" obviously prides himself, is as good as many already executed. It has the grand universal feature, the central portico, made into a porch, and abutting against the building—being thus deprived of the great beauty of the antique example, its continuity of line; above is a small dome—the modern substitute for the steeple, formerly placed in the same situation over the pediments of our churches.

There is such a general want of information on architectural subjects,—we see every day such miserable designs selected by those in authority, and perpetrated at an immense outlay, that we sincerely regret that Mr. Wightwick's book, evidently undertaken with an earnest love of the subject, and containing some valuable information, should have been so loosely executed, that it is not likely to aid the good cause which he evidently had in view. He is an enthusiast, with a greater love for, than critical knowledge of his subject; and yet there are occasional passages, such as the following, on Roman architecture, well and clearly reasoned:—

"The Romans seem to have emulated only the pictorial half of Greek design; and this by itself was deemed so insufficient, that they added more of the pictorial, disregarding the refinements of propriety, as virtues too insipid to be entertained. They admired the general form of the Greek building, and, in particular, its columnar ordinance; but they evidently regarded its simplicity as naked, its solidity as clumsy, and its grandeur as heavy. They cared not to look into the *purpose*, which the Greek architects intimated with such reverential care, and such modest self-correction. They had, comparatively, little respect for individual minutiae, and the merit of securing a certain positive effect, according with the true theme or ruling *idea*: in short, they would not look at columns and entablatures as *expressions*, but simply as physical substances, which in their combination formed a picturesque object, pleasing or striking to the mere visual sense. Under this feeling the Romans produced a scenic display of wondrous magnificence. Too forward to linger with patience upon the delicacies of taste, but reveling in the unrestrained license of decorative passion, they emblazoned their imperial city with a thousand splendid errors. Not that all was error; far from it:—but, that in a vast number of cases, their treatment of the Greek exotic was destructive of the pure and lovely bloom which it had hitherto borne."

After this we must give a specimen of Mr. Wightwick's fancy. Here is the description of a Chapter-house:—

"In such a room, met the monks, to transact their more secular business: and we shall count on your participating in the sentiment it suggests. How charmingly it symbolises the purpose of convocation! The plural-sided sending forth its branches to join in common union; and the liberties, rights, and privileges of *member-hood*, resolving themselves into a fixed principle of *brother-hood*. Look around the polygon. Its angular *mural pillars* are the Council in conclave. The *ribs*, springing from their *capitals*, are the varying reasons emanating from individual minds; and the *horizontal moulding*, intersecting their extreme divergence at the ceiling's summit, is the bond of good motive. The *bosses* are the clasplings which give social firmness and beauty to the debating circle: the *continuing ribs*, in their descent down the lessening surface of the *mid-vault*, intimate approximating concurrence; and, in the *central clustered pillar*, we recognise the concentrated stability of collected wisdom."

This is much less to our taste. The reader, indeed, if not acquainted with the subject, would infer that angle ribs, mural and clustered pillars, bosses, &c., are not to be found in any other part of a Gothic edifice than the Chapter-house. However, we recommend the work to the consideration of those who take an interest in the subject of which it treats, and can honestly say, that no expense has been spared to make a handsome volume.

The Thames and its Tributaries. By Charles Mackay, Esq.

[Second Notice.]

No autumn pastime is more pleasant to the town-wearied man than a stroll on the river's bank. How better, then, can we beguile the still, melancholy days of the season than by another ramble with Mr. Mackay? This time, let us take the rod (not of criticism) in hand, and trace with him the course of the Lea:—

"It takes its rise near Luton, in Bedfordshire, whence it flows obliquely to Hertford and Ware, and then passes close by Amwell, where the New River, that supplies London with water, begins to run almost parallel with it, and close by Hoddesdon, Broxbourne, Cheshunt, Waltham Abbey, Enfield, Edmonton, Tottenham, Walthamstow, and Bow. At Enfield the New River parts company with it a little way, and taking a bend to Southgate, flows on to Hornsey and Canonbury, to the New River Head at Islington, where it is afterwards swallowed by the million mouths of animated London. Let the reader only imagine that we have reached Hertford, *per saltum*.

"* Hertford was a place of some note in the days when the Romans held possession of Britain, and afterwards became one of the principal towns of the East Saxons. Alfred built a castle to protect it from the Danes, who had more than once set fire to it, and plundered the people. After the Conquest, the place became a royal domain; and the castle for many hundred years was the occasional residence of the sovereigns of this country. A few, but very few, traces of the structure are still said to exist; but in this respect we speak from hearsay only. * Ware is also a town of considerable antiquity. It was founded in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and is mentioned in Domesday Book, under the name of Waras. In the times when England suffered from the invasion of the piratical Danes, they used often to sail up the Lea from Blackwall, as far as this place, where they erected a fort, from whence they made frequent sallies to ravage Hertford and the neighbouring country. In the year 1408, the Lea overflowed its banks, and swept away all the frail wooden and thatched tenements of which they were composed. After this calamity, when the town was rebuilt, dams and weirs were constructed in the river to guard against future inundations, from which weirs Camden supposes it took its name of Ware. * From Ware to Hoddesdon the New River runs within a very short distance of the Lea. Hoddesdon is a small place, chiefly famous for a curious fountain that has long stood in the market-place, and alluded to by Prior in his ballad of Down Hall. Down Hall itself, whither the poet retired, after he was discharged from prison, at the close of the year 1717, is in this neighbourhood, standing upon one of the tributary rivulets that feed the Lea near Harlow, where Locke is buried. * Of Hoddesdon and its inn, the Bull, still existing to receive the traveller, Prior makes the following mention in his ballad of Down Hall, wherein he ludicrously details his adventures on going to take possession of the snug villa which the kindness of his patron Harley provided for his declining years.

Into an old inn did their equipage roll,
At a town they call Hoddesdon, the sign of the Bull,
Near a nymph with an urn that divides the highway,
And into a puddle throws mother of dew.
Down, down, Derry down.

"Come here, my sweet landlady, pray, how d'ye do?
Where is Cicely so cleanly, and Prudence so true?
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the ostler that sung about eight years ago?
Down, down, Derry down.

"And where is your sister, so mild and so dear,
Whose voice to the maids like a trumpet was clear?"
"By my troth," she replies, "you grow younger, I think;
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?"
Down, down, Derry down.

"Why, now let me die, Sir, or live upon trust,
If I know to which question to answer you first.
Why things since I saw you so strangely have varied,
The ostler is hang'd, and the widow is married.
Down, down, Derry down.

"And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse,
And Cicely went off with a gentleman's purse;
And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year."
Down, down, Derry down.

"Well, peace to her ashes, what signifies grief?
She roasted red veal, and she powdered lean beef;

Full well she knew how to cook up a fine dish,
For tough were her pullets, and tender her fish."
Down, down, Derry down.

"For that matter, Sir, be ye squire, knight or lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good inn can afford.
I should look on myself as unhappily sped,
Did I yield to a sister or living or dead!"
Down, down, Derry down.

"The Thatched Inn, another old hostelry, alluded to by Walton, has disappeared, no one knows how long ago. * The Rye-house, so called from its contiguity to the house of the same name, famous in the annals of Charles II., is the favourite resort of the anglers of the present day."

Our readers will not regret being spared reminiscences of the famous plot, by which the place is yet better known.

"What London angler knows not the next place, Broxbourne, and its green meadows by the New River and the Lea? Who knows not 'Want's Inn,' and its quiet snug parlour, hung round with those scaly reminiscences of the river deeps, which the angler delighteth to get a nibble from, if he cannot catch? It is a pleasant romantic spot, and deserves the preference that has been shown it, not only for its sport, but for its quiet sequestered scenery. Still rambling down the banks of the river, we arrive at Cheshunt, on the great Roman highway called Ermin Street. This village and manor were once possessed by John of Gaunt, no king himself, but father of a long line of English monarchs. A bit of scandal is related of the nuns that resided here shortly before the dissolution of the religious houses. One Sir Henry Cole, of Nether Hall, as we learn from Fuller's History of Waltham Abbey, having received notice that some of the monks of Waltham were harboured in Cheshunt nunnery, pitched a buck-stall in the meadow, and inclosed them as they were returning in the dark from the convent. He brought them next morning to Henry VIII., at Waltham, who observed, 'that he had often seen sweeter, but never fatter venison.' Some minute critic has objected to this story, that there was no Sir Henry Cole, of Nether Hall, at this time. * The next place deserving of notice is Theobalds, occupying the site of the ancient palace of that name, and now the seat of Sir Henry Meux. The old palace has long since disappeared. It was erected about the year 1559, by the celebrated Burleigh, to whom Queen Elizabeth paid no less than twelve visits at this place, putting him each time to an expense of between two and three thousand pounds. On the death of Burleigh, his son Robert, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, took possession of Theobalds, and gave a grand entertainment to King James on his journey from Scotland to resume the English crown. In the year 1606 the Earl gave a second entertainment to the King, who was accompanied by Christian IV. of Denmark. James took a liking to the place, and prevailed upon the Earl to give it him in exchange for the manor and palace of Hatfield. He afterwards passed much of his time here; and it became his favourite residence. Hither he retired when, in a fit of virtuous indignation, he took the solemn oath, kneeling in the presence of the assembled judges, never to spare any one concerned in the abominable murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; the oath which he soon broke, when he found his favourite Somerset was so deeply implicated. His perjury would seem, indeed, in the words of his own imprecation, to have brought down 'God's curse upon him and his posterity for ever.' James died in this palace, according to some accounts, of an ague, but not without suspicion of poison administered by order of his favourite Buckingham. * The room in which the King expired used to be shown to the curious until the year 1765, when the remains of the old building were pulled down. Charles I. occasionally resided at Theobalds; and there received the famous petition from Parliament, in the year 1642. Upon the temporary abolition of royalty, the palace, along with many others, was ordered to be sold. Great part of it was taken down; and the sum produced by the sale of the materials applied to the uses of the army. The small remnant of it, with the lands adjoining, was granted as a reward to General Monk, but, on the failure of his male lineage, it again reverted to the crown. It was granted by William III. to his countryman, Bentinck, Earl of Portland, from whom, after various changes, it came into the possession of

Mr. Prescott, who pulled down the remains of it in 1765, as already stated, and erected the present edifice upon its site. On the left hand, journeying downwards between the two rivers, the natural and the artificial, we arrive at the ancient town of Waltham Abbey in Essex, the seat and burial-place of the last monarch of England of the Saxon line."

Mr. Mackay has not, of course, forgot the familiar legend of Bluff King Hal and the Abbot of Waltham—but it need not be repeated here.

"The neighbourhood of Waltham Abbey, especially on the Essex side, is extremely beautiful. There lies the hoary forest of Epping, or the remains of that once secluded, and extensive wildwood. It once took its name from Waltham, but as the distance between that town and its outskirts was gradually increased by the forest-felling hatchet, it borrowed a name from a town more immediately in its thick recesses, and called itself Epping. Henry III. granted a privilege, in 1226, to the citizens, to hunt once a year at Easter, within a circuit of twenty miles of their city. This privilege in the course of time was, by degrees, abandoned, until their hunting restricted itself to Epping and Hainault Forests, whither, until very recently, the citizens proceeded at Easter to hunt a stag, turned out for their diversion. * On the Hertfordshire side of the Lea is the village of Waltham Cross, celebrated for, and named after the cross, which the affectionate Edward I. raised to the memory of his dearly beloved Queen Eleanor. * Continuing our course down the stream, and keeping as closely as possible to the Lea, we leave Enfield and its celebrated Chace on our right hand, and after a pleasant walk, arrive at Edmonton, once noted for its fair, and famous for ever in the adventures of John Gilpin. * Edmonton is now a busy, populous place, but contains little to arrest the progress of the rambler. If he be a lover of literature, however, he will remember that Charles Lamb died in the village, on the 27th of December 1834, and will stay to visit the churchyard, and read his epitaph, written by the Rev. H. F. Carey, the translator of Dante:—

Farewell, dear friend! That smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow,
Better than words, no more assuage our woe;
That hand outstretched from small, but well-earned store,
Yield succour to the destitute no more!

Yet art thou not all lost: through many an age,
With sterling sense and humour shall thy page
Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee;
This for our earth; and if with friends we share
Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there.

The next remarkable place on the banks of the Lea is Tottenham, renowned in facetious poetry for its famous tournament in the bygone days, when these sights were as fashionable as Lord Eglintoun, the Marquis of Londonderry, and the Queen of Beauty have desired to make them since. Who can enter this village without a pleasing emotion, as he remembers the quaint old ballad that celebrates it, and its rustic beauty, and its fail-armed heroes? * It is not precisely known when the old ballad was written, but it was first published in 1631, and its editor, the Rev. Mr. Bedwell, rector of Tottenham, supposed it to have been the composition of one Gilbert Pilkington, his predecessor in office, so early as the reign of Edward III. * As the date of this composition is uncertain, we cannot know what effect the ridicule thrown by the author upon the fashionable tournaments had upon the public opinion with regard to them. Bedwell, its editor, and one of the translators of King James's Bible, and author also of a history of this parish, lies buried in the churchyard of Tottenham. A simple stone, with a simple inscription, marks the spot. This village takes the name of Tottenham High Cross from a cross which has stood there from time immemorial, and which many persons suppose was erected by King Edward, like that of Waltham, to mark the spot where the corpse of his beloved queen rested on its way to London. The opinion, however, is disputed. What reader of Isaac Walton, be he angler, or be he not, that does not remember the philosophic conversation that took place here between the fisherman and the hunter? * A little lower, on its other bank, are Walthamstow in Essex, swarming with tasteful and comfortable villas, and Leyton, the 'town upon the Lea,'

which some antiquaries affirm to have been a Roman station. Many Roman urns have been found amid the clay of the churchyard, and on the side of a lane leading to Stratford-le-Bow. The upper part of the town is called Leytonstone, from a Roman millarium that formerly stood there. In the churchyard are buried Strype, the well-known antiquary, the vicar of the parish, who held that office for sixty-eight years, and died here at the patriarchal age of ninety-four; and another antiquary, as well known, Bowyer, the learned printer, and partner of John Nicholls, the author of that very interesting work, 'The Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.' Passing by Clapton, Homerton, and Hackney, once suburbs, but now prominent parts of the mighty metropolis, the Lea arrives at the ancient village of Bow, or Stratford-le-Bow, with its quiet, sedate, venerable-looking church, originally built in the reign of Henry II. The old bridge over the Lea, lately replaced by a more elegant modern structure, was long a delightful object to the eyes of the antiquary. It was built by Margaret, the benevolent queen of Henry I., to whom London and its vicinity were indebted for many other good works. She also built the bridge at Channell Lea, and bestowed a considerable sum for making and repairing the road between the two. Bow Bridge long enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest stone bridge in England, and from its curved form, acquired the name, which was afterwards extended to the village beside it. London Bridge was not built of stone till about one hundred years afterwards. Bromley-le-Bow, named from the same bridge, is the last of the pleasant villages that ornament the Lea, which is then lost amid the shipyards, manufactories, and long straggling outskirts of the shipping districts of the metropolis. Divided into several branches, aided by canals, polluted by gasworks, and other useful but unfragrant factories, it loses its character of a retired and rural stream. Its very name is taken from it at the end of its useful career, and it unites itself with the Thames, neglected and unhonoured, under the name of Bow Creek."

Here our progress naturally comes to an end.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Journey Book of England—Berkshire, with twenty-three Wood-engravings, and a Map of the County.—The present volume, we are told, "is the first of a series, which it is intended to publish" with a view of forming "a topographical description of all the English counties, permanently useful for general reading and reference as a library work, while each separate volume is intended to serve as an accurate guide to particular localities." If this idea is judiciously carried into execution, it can hardly fail to prove acceptable to the public. The multiplication of railroads, besides awakening an increased desire of locomotion, affords opportunities for gratifying it, by really and physically approximating the traveller to his object. Thus, the Liverpool Railway has increased the number of pleasure excursions to Wales, to Scotland, and to Ireland. The county of Berks seems to have been selected as a commencement on account of its vicinity to London, and its containing, within its boundaries, the castle of Windsor—both circumstances favourable to the facile introduction of the work to public notice, and to a quick sale. Berkshire, however, contains, in addition, many localities of considerable antiquarian interest. We ought not, perhaps, to object, that in the arrangement of the matter this interest has been too much consulted, because, as "a library work," such omissions would be a fault; but, as "a guide to particular localities," the volume should distinguish between what is merely curious, and such picturesque and beautiful scenery as is deserving of a visit; and unless such a distinction be clearly drawn, many a hurried traveller will find himself sadly disappointed in undertaking a pilgrimage to places, all the interest of which is historical, and confined to description. We would suggest, therefore, that in future there should be some indication of scenes of mere rural beauty, and an itinerary laid down, to be pursued by those who, in the absence of taste or of learning, feel no disposition to journey in search of mere historical recollections. With respect to the topographical notices, the publishers announce, that they have availed themselves of the articles "printed in the Penny Cyclopædia." This, perhaps, affords one key to the origin of the

undertaking; but whatever that origin be, the idea is a good one, and, with due industry and spirit on the part of those engaged, we have little doubt that, as a pecuniary speculation, it will be successful.

Memoir of J. J. McGregor, by J. J. McGregor, M.D.—A son writing his father's memoirs has many claims to forbearance: but we must protest against eking out such a volume with page after page of extracts from a forgotten History of the French Revolution, written in a partial spirit, and with still more partial information.

The Madhouse: a Poem, by John Goodwin Barmby.—Of all the delusions which the author describes as qualifying for the dreary abode which is the subject of his poem, there is none greater than that under which he himself labours, if, as he seems to intimate, he fancies that he is writing like Crabbe. He is aware, he says, of "the neglect with which even the best poetry is treated in the present day; but still ventures," he adds, in language a great deal more nautical than the figure is novel, "on the ocean of the world his little bark of verse, and dares the pointed rocks of criticism, and the hidden shoals of neglect, piloted by the hope of but gaining a transient glance of Fame's bright but wreck-surrounded shore." Whether or not he has succeeded in obtaining such a glimpse, is a matter which can be known only to himself; but we are competent to pronounce that if so, it can have been only a distant view, and that he has no chance of effecting a landing thereon. Like the antaretic continent recently seen by navigators, there is between him and it an icy barrier, which effectually shuts him out from its haunted strand. Not that the author is altogether without claims to originality; which exhibit themselves in the occasional structure of his verse, selection of his imagery, and bold treatment of his native language. Of the first of these peculiarities, the following line may serve as an example—which, to obtain the requisite metre, must necessarily be read as if the cesural pause fell after every second syllable:—

So he' when she' near him' no longer grew;
as a pleasant example of his imagery, a lady's blue eyes are likened to "azure birds' eggs;" and a specimen of his independent treatment of the words of his mother-tongue is supplied in his cutting down of the Temple of Fame, to meet the exigencies of his verse, into the Temp' of Fame. John Kemble, in his enthusiasm and admiration of Shakspeare's verse, insisted that accent, and grammar, and all the proprieties of language should be sacrificed, rather than its prosody lost,—a rule which our author seems to apply to his own lines, perhaps for the same reason. We cannot, however, counsel the publication of any of those other longer poems which were postponed to this. "There have been," the author says,—

in former days, whose worth
illum'd and flash'd light on the night of earth;
Who, when they lived, acquired but little fame,
Yet, after death, obtained illustrious name.

The first of these destinies we can promise him; and if the second be its consequence, we recommend him to leave the remaining MSS. to his executors, and make his appeal to posterity.

Poems, by W. H. Leatham.—These poems are dedicated to the author's mother, who probably admires them greatly; and we respect too much the feelings which induced the dedication on the one hand, and the admiration on the other, to disturb them by any criticisms of ours. In fact, volumes of poetry like this should be content with making their appeals to those home circles, where they are sure of favourable judges.

List of New Books.—The English Mother, or Conversations on Church Catechism, 2nd edit. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Leigh's Guide to the Lakes, &c. 4th edit. 6s. 6d. cl.—The Benevolent Merchant, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Carey's Principles of Political Economy, Parts III. & IV. in 1 vol. 8vo. 9s. cl.—Buckton's Western Australia, containing a Description of Australind and Port Sechenault, 12mo. 2s. swd.—Ellis's British Tariff, 1841, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—The Ball-Room Preceptor, 2nd edit. 32mo. 1s. cl.—Nautical Reorganization, by Capt. A. W. Sieich, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—German Classics, "Hermann and Dorothea," 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—"Jungfrau von Orleans," 12mo. 3s. cl.—Poems, by Mrs. Hemans, super-royal 32mo. 2s. cl.—Mrs. Hemans' Domestic Afflictions, super-royal 32mo. 2s. cl.—Channing's Works, new edit. 1 vol. 8vo. 9s. cl.—Will's Ready Reckoner for Wheat, 32mo. 2s. cl.—Scott's Practical Cotton Spinner, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.—Chronology made Easy, by the Rev. J. Cockerton, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—M'Nish on Sleep, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Simmons's Key to the Bible, 8vo. 14s. cl.—Scripture Text Cards, with Key, 4th edit. 6s. cl.—Mrs. Maddocks on the Liturgy, Vol. III. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Flügel's German and English Dictionary, 2 vols. 8vo. 36s. cl.—Twiss's Livy, Vol. II. 8vo. 9s. 6d. cl.—Tarver's French Exercises, 4th edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. bd.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF THE REIGN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

In a former paper (No. 667) we expressed our regret that so few documents existed respecting the great northern insurrections, in the years 1536 and 1537. We are now, through the continued kindness of Mr. F. Devon, enabled to lay before our readers some curious and characteristic letters, chiefly from the Duke of Norfolk, relating to that period, which will illustrate and explain the letters of Wriothesley and the King, heretofore published among the State Papers. We must first, however, make room for the following letter, from Wolsey, written after he had fallen under the displeasure of the King. It has no date, but must be assigned to the period when he was ordered to retire to his See of York. At that time, as we learn from Cavendish, his main support was the presents sent by the neighbouring nobility and gentry; a circumstance which probably strengthened the jealousy with which Henry regarded him, and led to the order for his arrest. The houses which he speaks of as being so greatly out of repair, were probably at Southwell, where he spent a considerable time before proceeding to the archiepiscopal palace at Cawood. We cannot ascertain what answer Henry returned to this letter.

"Most gracious and mercifull Sovereigne Lorde, after my most humble and lowly recommendacions these shalbe only in moste reverent wise to salute your Highnesse, beseechinge Almightye God to preserve your royal persone in continuall good helth and prosperitee, sending unto the same the accomplishment of your noble and vertuous desires, but also to signifie unto the same in most lamentable wise that I am, (insuring your gracyous commandement and pleasure,) entered, and comyn into my Diocese dispurveyed and unfurnished, to my extreme heyvnes, of every thing that I and my poure folks shoulde be enterneyed with. For the thousande Marks which it pleased your Highness of your haboundante charytee to advance unto me before hande of the penceyon assigned to me out of the Bushoprick of Wynchester, is clerely gone and spent. I have neyther come nor catell, ne any other thing to kepe household in, nor knowe not where to borrowe any thing in these parties towards the provision of the same. My houses be by the oversight, dispoill, and evill behavoure of suche as I did truste, in such ruyn and decaye, as well in the roofes and floures as in all other implements of householde, that a grete parte of the porcyon assigned unto me to lyve with for one year wooll scanty in a very basse mane facyon repare and make the same mete to be inhabited. My creditours to whom I am indebted cryeth daylie and importunely upon me for their payement, not havinge wherewith to contente them. My poure bagage, which I sent by the See, is not yet arryved, nor I knowe not where yt is, or what is become of the same. Thus I am most pitifull Sovereigne Lorde wrapped in miserye and extreme nede on every side, not knowinge where to be secured or relieved, but only at your Highness most mercifull and charitable hands. (The grete vertue, noblenes, pitie, compassion, and charites that I have alwayes knowne to be in your moste noble harte, with the firme trust that I have and ever have had in your royall Majestee, that ye woolle not suffer your owne poure creature whome ye have made and renovate of nought, and who hathe so intierly observed and loved your Highness, doinge unto the same so long paynefull service, to perishe for lacke,) somewhat emboldeth me to recurre unto your excellent goodness for socour, comfourt, and reliefe; most lowly prostrate at your fete beseeching your royall Majestee graciously and benignely to consider the premises, and to have pitie and compasion on your poure Cardinall, who is and ever shalbe, his life during, your faithfull and most obedient creature, daylie bedesman, and slave. As our Lorde knoweth, to whom I shall incessantly pray for the continuance of your most noble and royall astate."

A passage or two from a letter signed "Stephen Vaughan," dated "Barugh, 20 day of Maye 1531," respecting "a young man named Frihe," and Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament, must also be given:—

"As touching a young man being in these partes named Frihe, of whome I lately advertised your Majesty by my former letters, and whome your royal

Majestie gevythe me in commendement with frendly persuasions, admonitions, and holsome counsayll, to advyse to leave his wilfull opinions and errors, and to returne unto his native cuntry; I shall not fayle, according to your most gracious commendement, to endeavour to the uttermost of my power to perswade him accordingly, so some as my chance shall be to mete with him. Howbeit I am informed that he is very lately married in Hollande, and there dwelleth, but in what place I cannot tell. This marriage may by chaunce hynder my persuasions. I suppose hym to have been thereunto driven thro' povertie, which is to be pitied his qualities considered. I have agayne been in hande to perswade Tyndall; and to drawe hym rather to favour my perswasions, and not to think the same fayned. I shewed hym a clause contained in Maister Cromwell's letre, conteynnyng these words following:—'And notwithstanding other the premises in this my letre conteyned, if it were possible by good and holsum exhortations to reconcile and convert the said Tyndall, from the trayne and affection which he nowe is in, and to excerpte and take awaye the opynions and fantasies sorely rooted in hym, I doubt not but the Kings Highnes wolde be muche joyous of his conversion and amendement, and so being converted, if then he wolde returne into the Realme, undoubtedly the Kings Royal Majestie is so inclined to mercye, pitie, and compassion, that he refuseth none, which he seythe to submyt themselves to the obedience and good order of the worlde.' In these words I thought to be suche sweetness and vertue as were able to pierce the hardeste harte of the world, and as I thought so it came to pass; for after sight thereof I perceived the man to be exceedingly altered, and moved to take the same very nere unto his harte, in such wise that water stood in his eyes. And answered, what gracious words are these, I assure you, said he, if it wolde stande with the Kings most gracious pleasure, to graunt only a bare text of the Scripture to be put forthe emonge his people, like as is put forthe emonge the subjects of the Emperor in these partes, and of other Xtian princes; be it of the translation of what person soever shall please his Majestie, I shall ymedyately make faithfull promise never to write more, ne abyde two days in these partes after the same, but ymedyately to repayre unto his Realme, and there most humbly submit myself at the feet of his Royal Majestie, offering my bodye to suffer what payne or torture, yea what dethe his Grace will, so this be obtayned. And till that tyme I will abyde the asperitie of all chaunces whatsoever shall come, and endure my life in as many paynes as it is able to bere and suffre. And as concerning my reconciliation, his Grace may be assured that whatsoever I have said or written, in all my lyfe, agens the honour of Godds worde, and so proved, the same shall I before his Majestie and all the worlde utterly renounce and forsake, and with most humble and meke mynde embrace the truth, abhorring all error soever at the most gracious and benygne requeste of his royal Majestie, of whose wisdom, prudence, and lernyng, I here so great praise and commendation, then of any other creature lyvyn. But if those things which I have written be true and stand with Godds worde, why should his Majestie, having so excellent a gyft of knowledge in the Scriptures, move me to do anye thing agens my conscience.—I advertised the same Tyndall that he shuld not put forthe the same booke tyll your most gracious pleasure were known; whereupon he answered myn advertisement came too late, for he feared lest one that had his copie wolde put it very shortly in prynt, which he wolde lett if he coude, if not there is no remedye."

This "young man" is the John Frith, who, as Strype informs us, was originally placed at Cambridge, and subsequently transferred to "the Cardinal's College" at Oxford. He was an excellent Greek scholar, and hence, probably arose Henry's desire for his return, and anxiety that he should "leave his wilful opinions." Frith soon after did return, possibly tempted by the King's promise as here held forth to Tyndall; but as he still dared to maintain his opinions, he was burnt in Smithfield in 1533. In regard to Tyndall, Henry most probably wished him to return, and superintending the publication of the Bible, which at this time (1531) he contemplated. Tyndall's New Testament, first published in 1526, had, in 1530, gone through four

editions. These were all, however, full of typographical errors, and towards the close of this year he was "pricked forthe" to correct it; but, meanwhile, to supply the demand, some Dutch booksellers printed it surreptitiously, and more inaccurately than before. This last edition is probably the one alluded to in the letter; for while Tyndall was anxious that an accurate edition should be published, Henry was equally anxious that if the Bible were allowed at all, it should be only by the express will, and through the direct agency of "the head of the Church," and translated also according to the royal pleasure. The objection of Henry to Tyndall's translation was probably the use of the word "elder" for priest, and "congregation" for church. Still Henry well knew he could not have a translator whose political opinions were more accordant with his own, for in his commentary on the Romans, Tyndall observes:—"Though the kyng be the greatest tyrant in the world, yet is he unto thee a great benefit of God, (!) and a kyng wherefore thou oughtest to thank God highly; for it is better to have somewhat, than to be cleane stript of all." Such opinions, indeed, were maintained by too many Protestants of this reign.—honest Latimer perhaps should be excepted,—while the commonalty held fast not only to their ancient faith, but their ancient political creed, set forth in many a rude ballad, which maintained the right of the people to petition, to remonstrate, and to take up arms in defence of their liberties. It is no wonder, therefore, that when the Commons saw inroad after inroad made both in the ecclesiastical and political constitution of the land, they should remonstrate, or even threaten; or that when the bitter fruits of the King's supremacy began to be tasted, in the subsidies they were called to pay, and in the order for the suppression of the lesser monasteries, the people of the northern counties put their threats in execution, and rose in arms.

In the autumn of 1536, four commissioners set out to the north, and on the 3rd of October arrived at Caister, "for the leviation of the second payment of your subsidie to your Grace." Here, they state, there "were assembled at our cummyng within a myle of the seid towne xx thousand of your trewe and faithfull subgiects and more by our estimation, and the occasion of their seid assemble was, as they affirmed unto us, that the common voice and fame was that all the jewells and goods of the churches of the cuntry shuld be taken from them and brought to your Graces Councell, and also that your said faithfull and lovyng ***** shulde be put of newe to enhaunsements and other infortunate charges, which they were not able to bere by reason of extreme povertie; and upon the same they did sweare us first to be true to your Grace and to take their parts in maynteynance of the Commonwelthe, and so conveyed us with them from the seide town of Caister unto the towne of Louth, xij myles distante from the same, where as yet we remaine unto they knowe farther of your graciouse pleasure. Humbly besechyng youre Grace to be good and graciouse both to them and us to send us your graciouse letters of general pardon, orrells [or else] we be in suche daunger, that we be never likely to see your Grace nor ourc own houses, as this berer can shewe, to whom we besече your Highnes to give further credence. And further, your seid subgiects haith desired us to writte to your Grace, that they be yours, bodies, lands, and goods, at all tymes when your Grace shall commaunde, * * * for the defense of your person or your realme.

"ROBT. TYRWHYT.
"WILLM. AYSCUGH.
"EDWARD MADSON.
"THOMAS PORTYNGTON."

Now, from this important document, written at the very moment of the breaking out of the insurrection, and by men who were charged on pain of their lives to lay the grievances of the Commons before the King, we find political grievances alone stated, while the feudal acknowledgment at the close, shews that this multitude were no lawless rebels, but "true Englishmen," resolved to maintain their birthrights.

From contemporary writers we learn that this first outbreak was under the command of Dr. Matthew Mackerel, and he has been considered by some, but erroneously, as having been their military leader. This circumstance, together with the facts, that in

the subsequent Yorkshire insurrection, church banners were borne, and the clergy put themselves at the head of the insurgents, has caused it to be generally believed that the rising was solely on religious grounds; but during the whole of the middle ages, and down to this time, the lower orders of the clergy, and especially the friars, mixed as warmly in the political contests of the day, as the preachers among the Covenanters and the Puritan clergy; and it is worthy of remark, too, that like them, they always took the popular side. We believe, therefore, that the hostility manifested by Henry towards the mendicant orders, arose even more from their advocacy of popular principles, than from their support of Katharine; and that his chief object in the suppression of the lesser monasteries, was to revenge himself upon that portion of the clergy who cherished among the commons the principles of old English freedom.†

From Lincolnshire the insurgents passed into Yorkshire, where Robert Aske took the command. Meanwhile, the King returned an answer to the petition of the Lincolnshire commons, which may be seen in the State Papers, (vol. 1, p. 463,) in which he remarks on the folly of "rude and ignorant common people" meddling with state affairs, and "how presumptuous then are ye, the rude commons of one shire, and that the moste brute and bestie [beastly] of the whole realm, and of leaste experience, to finde fault with your prynce." It is amusing, however, to find him in conclusion compelled to assure them, that each exaction of which they complained was made by "acte of parlement," and urge its paramount authority as law-maker, almost in the words of Sir John Fortescue:—another proof that the old English spirit was not extinct, and that Henry well knew it. This letter does not seem of a kind to have induced the insurgents to lay down their arms; but yet we learn from the Lancaster herald's report, that they had all quietly departed to their homes. From subsequent events, it appears that they merely drew northward, and joined the forces of Robert Aske, who, well assured of the aid of Lord Darcy, governor of Pontefract Castle, the most important stronghold of those parts, assumed a bolder tone, and published a proclamation, signed "*per me Robertum Asken*," which states that the rising is not from hostility to the King's person, but only against his evil counsellors, who have not only introduced "sondrie newe invencions contrary to the fayth of God, and honor of the King and comonwelthe of this realme," but have "spoyled and robbid, and farther intendyth to spoyle and robbe the whole body of this realme;" and he ends by asserting that they are in arms "neyther for money, malys, dyspleur to noe persons, but suche as be not worthy to remayne nyghe aboute the Kyng." These extracts are necessary to show the real character of the rising.

[To be continued.]

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A new exhibition in London at this, its emptiest season, is well nigh as great a rarity as a branch of fresh-blown hawthorn would be among the dahlias of Autumn. Nevertheless, not only have we a new Diorama—its subject being the Shrine of the Nativity at Bethlehem, painted from a sketch taken on the spot by Mr. Roberts last year—but, also, a new diorama-list, M. Rénoux, in the present picture, having taken the place of M. Bouton. Following such a consummate master, any new aspirant in the same branch of art comes before the public under a heavy disadvantage;—so strong, indeed, is *prestige*, that we are not sure whether, had the new picture borne M. Bouton's name, we should have found out that it was a trifle more timid in handling, and less tangibly real in its perspective effects, than former realities which have planted scenes of Switzerland and Italy, the Roman Basilica, and the old English Chapel, in

† We are aware that the very title of this insurrection, "*The Pilgrimage of Grace*," as well as Aske's banner with the five wounds, seem to make against our opinion. We would, therefore, point to the religious character that was always, during the middle ages, given to wars for freedom,—to the crusading character of those under Simon de Montfort and Thomas of Lancaster,—even, indeed, of Wat Tyler; and we may remark, too, that the "good of holy church" and "the common weal" were always in their addresses coupled together. This was certainly in part a religious rising, but so was the Parliamentary War, and the Revolution of 1688.

the midst of the Regent's Park. The chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, with its niches circled with their ever-burning lamps, and its rich pictures, and hangings, and vessels, and the stairs leading to the upper church, offers precisely such a simple and picturesque, yet rich, combination of objects, as is required for a Diorama. While the spectator is gazing upon it, the marvel of the Santa Croce picture is re-produced with greater force and brilliancy of effect—the stream of daylight fades upon the stairs—the shadows creep along the floor, and all becomes night and darkness (save for the lamps at the shrine), until gradually the chapel is generally illuminated; and in the upper church, where the blaze of light is at once the most distant and brightest, a group of figures celebrating mass bow before the altar. The very force, however, with which this glory is rendered, is (inevitably, we presume,) paid for by a corresponding exaggeration of amount and Cimmerian blackness in the quality of the shadows. But we must not quarrel with Art, when it presents so much, if some of the subtlest and finer effects of light and shade are beyond its reach.

The following letter, of interest to all who love our elder literature, needs no introduction.

Norwich, September 5, 1840.

Sir, I forward you an account of the recent accidental discovery of Sir Thomas Browne's remains, in the church of St. Peter Mancroft, in this city. Some workmen were employed in digging a grave within the area before the altar, when their pickaxe struck on a hard substance, which turned out to be a coffin-plate, which was unluckily split by the force of the blow. It was a small, antique, brass shield, bearing the following inscription:—

Amplissimus Vir Dns. Thomas Browne, Miles, Medicinæ Dr. Annos natus 77, Denatus 12 Die Mensis Octobris Anno Dni 1682, hoc loculo indormiens, corporis Spagyrici pulvere plumbum in aurum convertit.

On a closer inspection, the coffin, quaintly described above as having been "transmuted into gold" by the potent "dust" of the mighty "alchemist," was found to have been literally converted into a carbonate of lead, which crumbled at the touch, disclosing the bones of its illustrious tenant. There is no truth whatever in the report, pretty widely circulated, that the "features remained entire." The flesh had returned "to earth as it was," but the hair of the beard was in good preservation. A portion of this was compared with its representation in an oil painting of the knight, suspended in the vestry, and the colour of the original corresponded exactly with that of the copy. Now we have the testimony of Sir Thomas Browne himself, that "teeth, bones, and hair give the most lasting defiance to corruption." The skull was sound, and still contained a mass of brain. Unhappily for the phrenologists, the forehead was narrow, low, and receding; whereas that part appropriated to the animal propensities was unusually large. It may be right, perhaps, to add, that the venerable bones thus fortuitously exposed were seen by few, and were reverently handled. After having slept undisturbed for more than a century and a half, it was reasonable to presume that they had become incorporated with the soil; no sort of blame therefore could reasonably attach to the selection of their resting-place for another occupant. I have thus given the true particulars of a circumstance which I should not have made public, had not erroneous reports gone abroad respecting it. I am, &c. THOMAS D. EATON.

The chair vacant by the death of M. Brochant de Villiers, in the Mineralogical Section of the Paris Academy of Sciences, has been filled up by the election of M. Dufrenoy, after a severe contest with M. Constant Prévost, in which the latter obtained the large minority of 22 out of 46 votes.—Messrs. Soyez and Jugué have laid before the same learned body entire busts, executed by the deposit of copper under the influence of a galvanic current; and state that it is practically as applicable to the elephant of the Basile, as to the most minute figure. The rest of our Parisian news for the week lies in so small a compass, that it may be here added. A decree has been issued by the Minister of Public Instruction, uniting into one the four Historical Committees—of the French Language and Literature—of Charters and Chronicles—of Sciences—and of Moral and Political Sciences; which Committees are to assemble, once a month, under the presidency of the Minister himself, or the

vice-presidency of M. Mignet.—The Minister of the Interior has given commissions to M. Damont for a marble statue of Saint Louis, and to M. Etex for one of Charlemagne, both to be placed in the Sessions' Hall of the Chamber of Peers.

A correspondent of the *Sémaphore de Marseille*, states, that M. Jourdain had arrived in Tunis. This young architect was sent out by Louis Philippe, to erect on the highest point of the hill of Carthage, at the spot which tradition points out as having been the tomb of Saint-Louis, a monument to the memory of that martyr-king, the cost of which is to be defrayed out of the Civil List. Whether Louis Philippe has an eye to the future as well as the past, in thus putting his mark on the Tunis coast, does not appear; but if there be any *arrière pensée* of that kind, it hides itself beneath a plausible and noble outer thought.

Letters from Athens mention that, for some time past, numbers of Greeks resident abroad have transmitted to their country presents of large collections of books, as well as sums of money, to be appropriated to the formation of public libraries, or to the augmentation of those already existing. Among these are enumerated the following:—that of M. Nicolo Paulo, (a gentleman connected with the library of the Royal Institute of France) to his native town Androussa, in the Morea; consisting of about 7,000 volumes of the best editions and translations of the Greek and Latin classics, and the most celebrated philological and archeological works which have appeared in Europe—that of the Greeks resident at Vienna; consisting of 5,198 volumes of works on the exact sciences, natural history, chemistry, mechanics, architecture, navigation, &c., for the purpose of being lent to the youth of Nauplia, who have not the means of purchasing the necessary books—and that of the celebrated banker, the Baron de Sina, of Vienna; a sum of 50,000 drachms, to the University of Athens, to be employed in the purchase of valuable works still wanting to the library of that institution. There is in these gifts a fine spirit of appreciation of the manner in which Greece can best be honoured, that partakes of the Greek sentiment of old; and if the example shall spread far beyond her mere sons of the soil, amongst the coheirs, in all nations, of the treasures which she bequeathed, it will yet be long ere Europe can pay back, in full, the great debt due to those wonderful islands for the first hint of the free institutions, and for half the written wisdom of the world.

The German papers announce the death, at Düsseldorf, of the well known poet and dramatist, Immermann, at the early age of forty-four.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

NEW EXHIBITION, representing THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY at Bethlehem, painted by M. Rénoix, from a sketch made on the spot by David Roberts, Esq., A.R.A., in 1839. "The spectator may almost suppose himself in the very birth-place of the Saviour."—*Times*. Also, THE CORONATION of Queen Victoria in Westminster Abbey, by M. Bouton. Open from Ten till Five.

ROTATION RAILWAY shown by models. A variety of the most novel and ingenious inventions and Works of Art of the first class, to the number of 120, which are increasing daily; 120 fine Daguerotypes. The Spinning and Weaving of Glass, Hall's Patent Water Elevator, Green's Balloon and Steering Apparatus, Coining Press, Microscope, Chromatic Fire Cloud, Diving Bell, Diver; a new and delightful musical instrument, the Chordolian, at four o'clock, with two fine performers; various Experiments. A Daily Lecture by the Chemist, Mr. Naugham. Open from Ten o'clock. A new edition of the Catalogue, with fine Illustrations. Admission, 1s.—Polytechnic Institution, 30, Regent-street.

Under the Patronage of the Queen and Prince Albert. ROYAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, LOWTHER ARCADE, WEST STRAND.

Arrangements for the ensuing Week: Monday and Thursday, at 3 o'clock, Experiments with the Electrical Bell, the Electric Spark, Discharge of Gold Leaf, and Deflection of the Magnetic Needle, distinctly visible from the Galleries. Tuesday and Saturday, at 3 o'clock, Mr. F. M. Clarke's Lecture on the Polarization of Light, brilliantly illustrated by the Gas Polaroscope. Wednesday, 3 o'clock, the Chromatic Fire Cloud will be exhibited, the construction of the apparatus and the materials employed will be explained by Mr. E. M. Clarke. Gas Microscope, Electrical and Chemical Illustrations, Steam Gun. Mr. V. V. Roemer's Performance on the Accordion, &c., as usual. Open from Ten to Half-past Five. Admittance, 1s.

THE THAMES TUNNEL

OPEN to the Public every day, (except Sundays), from Nine in the Morning until Dark.—Admittance is, each day. The Tunnel is 113 feet in length, brilliantly lighted with gas, and the Entrance is on the Surrey side of the River, close to Rotherhithe Church. THE SHIELD IS NOW ADVANCED TO WITHIN 25 FEET FROM THE WHARF WALL AT WAPPING. Company's Office, By order, Walbrook Buildings, Walbrook, J. CHARLIER, September, 1840. N.B. Conveyances to Rotherhithe, by Omnibus, from Fenchurch-street, Charing-cross, Fleet-street, and Gracechurch-street. Also by Steam-boats, from Chelsea, Vauxhall, Lambeth, Hungerford, Greenwich, Old Stables Pier, and London Bridge, to the Tunnel Pier at Wapping.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Sept. 8.—James Whishaw, Esq. in the chair.—A monograph on the species of *Cardium*, by G. B. Sowerby, Jun. was read. The greater portion of the shells described in this paper are in the collection of H. Cuming, Esq., who exhibited a series to illustrate the paper, in which twenty-six species are recorded.

Mr. Gould then read a paper on that most singular and anomalous bird the Brush Turkey, of New South Wales. The author begins by giving the opinions of various ornithologists, as regards its affinities, and especially quotes Mr. Swainson's account, in which that author attempts to prove that the bird in question is a vulture. Mr. Gould proceeded to detail, from his own personal observations, some interesting facts connected with the habits of the Brush Turkey. The most remarkable circumstance connected with the bird is, that it does not hatch its own eggs, but employs for that purpose similar means to those now in use in artificial incubation. For some weeks prior to the period of laying, the brush turkey collects together an immense mass of vegetable matter, varying from two to four cart loads, with which it forms a pyramidal heap; in this heap it plants its eggs about eighteen inches deep and from nine to twelve inches apart. The eggs, which are always placed with the large end upwards, being carefully covered, are then left to be hatched by the heat engendered by the decomposition of the surrounding matter. The heaps are formed by the labours of several pairs of birds, and frequently contain as many eggs as would fill a bucket. The eggs are white, and much larger than those of the common fowl; and, having an excellent flavour, are eagerly sought after. A specimen of the Brush Turkey, which Mr. Gould had an opportunity of observing in captivity in Mr. MacLeay's garden at Sydney, had formed a heap in a shrubbery similar to that which it would have made in its native woods. Around and over this heap the bird was seen to strut in the same way as the domestic cock; at the same time, it frequently uttered a clacking noise. The flesh of the Brush Turkey is of a pale salmon colour, juicy and tender; and Mr. Gould remarked, it was one of the most delicate birds he had ever tasted. After all that he had seen of the bird in a state of nature, he had no hesitation in assigning it a place among the Gallinaceæ, among which, it appears to have a nearer alliance to the *Cracidae* or *Curassows* than to any other group; at all events, it is in no way allied to the *Fulvuridae*, and is equally distant from *Menura*. Mr. Gould's paper was illustrated by fine skins, an egg, and also a skeleton of the bird.

On the skeleton, Mr. Owen made some observations which tended to confirm Mr. Gould's views. He particularly drew attention to the form of the sternum, which has the two deep emarginations which are so peculiarly characteristic of the Gallinaceæ.

Mr. Gould then exhibited some new species of birds, about to figure in the forthcoming part of his work on the Birds of Australia; and characterized a new and beautiful Cinclosoma, from the belts of the Murray, as *C. castanotus*—a new Halcyon, as *H. pyrrhopygia*—a new and highly-interesting bronze-winged Pigeon, as *Columba (Peristera) histriolica*—and a Grallatorial bird, of an entirely new form, about half the size of a quail, and which, were it not for the presence of a hind toe, might be taken for a diminutive bustard. This latter bird is an inhabitant of the dry and arid plains of the interior.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

'On a new Mode of Covering Roofs with Planking.' By William Cubitt.—The roof itself is framed in the usual manner with principals and purlins, but without rafters. The boards intended for the covering are cut, by means of a circular saw, from planks 7 inches wide by 2½ inches thick, in such manner that each plank makes two boards, the one tapering from its centre towards the edges, the other from its edges towards the centre. The hollow boards are laid side by side, at intervals of ½ inches, and nailed to the purlins by their centres only, so as to admit of shrinking; the intervening spaces are then covered by the other boards, overlapping ½ inch on each edge, and nailed in like manner. The covering thus formed presents a series

of alternate elevations and depressions, longitudinally from the ridge to the gutter, and consequently the rain falls off very rapidly, and a roof so constructed is easily kept water-tight. The author conceives this to be the most economical mode of using timber for covering, and he has adopted it extensively. The communication was accompanied by a model of the roof and specimens of the boards as they are left by the saw.

A letter was read from Mr. John Cooper, of Dover, describing the effect of the worm (*Teredo navalis*) on several kinds of timber which had been exposed to the action of sea water. The kinds of timber on which the experiments were made were fir, English oak, and African oak; specimens of each sort, some Kyanized and the others unprepared, having been tried under exactly similar circumstances on the piles of the south pier of Dover harbour. The results show that Kyanizing timber does not in any degree protect it from the worm; as, after exposure from December 1837 until May 1840, it was found that equal ravages had been made in all the specimens. The author also tried the process of saturating timber with copperas water, but did not find any good result from it. In July 1835, he placed under some 2-inch oak planks which had been prepared with copperas; and on examining them in May 1840, they were found to be as much attacked by the worm as the worst specimens of unprepared fir timber which had been exposed for a similar length of time. The African oak resisted the attack of the worm better than either fir or English oak.

It was stated that Teak timber resisted the attacks of the worm and of the white ant, which destroy all other kinds of timber. It is, however, liable to injury from the attacks of barnacles.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Tues. Horticultural Society Three, P.M.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

COVENT GARDEN.—Beyond the circumstance of the re-opening of the theatre, there is nothing to call for particular remark. 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' and 'The Sleeping Beauty' were the entertainments of the first night; 'Love' was played on the second; and some of the popular revivals of last season on the succeeding nights. The scenery and costumes are as beautiful and appropriate, and the *mise en scène* as perfect as usual; and the performances were favourably received, though the audiences have not been overflowing. The reception of Madame Vestris and Mr. C. Mathews, on Monday, showed that the public appreciated their management: we only wish they had better materials to work with in the representation of Shakespeare's plays; but, to say truth, the present race of comedians are too nearly akin to farceurs.

HAYMARKET.—The favourite melo-drama of 'The Rent Day,' with its *tableaux* after Wilkie, has been successfully produced here, and gives opportunity for Mr. Wallack and Mrs. Sterling to appear to the utmost advantage as *Martin* and *Rachael Heywood*.

MISCELLANEA

American Geological Society.—A meeting took place at Philadelphia in April last, at which it was unanimously resolved to organize an association to be called "The Association of American Geologists." Several communications were made to the associated members, and the meeting then adjourned to April 1841.

Circumnavigation.—A late sitting of the Paris Academy was almost entirely occupied by the reading of a report drawn up by M. Arago, on the scientific labours executed on board the *Vénus*, under the command of Captain Dupetit-Thouars, during a circumnavigation of nearly three years. The mission of the *Vénus* was entirely political and commercial; but the officers and crew voluntarily and zealously devoted themselves to the accumulation of facts in all the departments of scientific inquiry: and under the impression that an example so meritorious is likely to be followed on board other King's ships, and with the view to point out the important results to which such emulation may lead, M. Arago drew up the report. Among other observations the temperature of the Atlantic within the tropics was ascer-

tained to be 78° 8' and 80° 6': the depth of the cold current on the Chilean coast is stated to be 2,000 metres: soundings at 140 leagues from Cape Horn gave no bottom at 4,000 metres: and 450 specimens of birds, 1,500 shells, and more than 300 plants from New Holland were brought home.

Statistics of French Railways.—The number of travellers during the time specified has been as follows:—

Saint Germain, 2 years 11 months ..	3,716,416 travellers.
Versailles.....	10 — 1,079,202
Saint Cloud.....	24 — 119,541

Total .. 4,915,159

The Northmen in America.—At a late meeting of the Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, a communication was read from Dr. Lund, now in the Brazil, respecting a very old large city, the buildings of which are of hewn stone, lately discovered in the vicinity of Bahia. Prof. Schuk inferred, from the attached specimens of inscriptions, that the city was founded by the Scandinavians, during their residence in or occupation of the country. The signification of a figure, erected on an immense pillar, which stretches out its right arm and points with the forefinger to the north pole, appears to be singularly remarkable.

Haarlem.—The draining of the great lake called the Sea of Haarlem, which has been contemplated by every successive Dutch government for the last three centuries, is at length, it is reported, to be accomplished, by means of a single and ingenious apparatus, the invention of the civil engineer Dietz. The construction of this machinery is kept secret; but it is stated that it can be readily transported from place to place, and will be worked by a steam-engine with double boiler and of 120 horse power. The calculated results of its operations are given; and as it is the intention of government to work ten of the new machines at once, the drainage of the great lake will occupy, it is estimated, 800 days (two years and two months). The ten machines, with their steam-engines, and the maintenance and working of them during that space of time, will cost about 64,000*l.* of our money; and this amount is stated to be less than one-tenth of the sum which this vast undertaking would have cost by any of the processes hitherto proposed for its achievement, even if practicable.

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Mr. ROBERTS's journey extended through the whole range of the countries at the head of the Mediterranean. The mere names of NUBIA, EGYPT, IDUMEA, the WILDERNESS of SINAI, PALESTINE, SYRIA, and LEBANON, are sufficient to express the nature and variety of the subjects which must offer themselves to an accomplished pencil; and the singular accuracy and graphic power of the artist have fully availed themselves of the opportunity.

The Publisher proposes to give FAC-SIMILES of these Drawings, of the size of the original, executed in Lithography, (with the advantage of being executed under the eye of the Artist,) and to issue them in Parts, each engraving accompanied with a letter-press description, explanatory and historical, from the pen of the Reverend Dr. CROLY.

This Work will be published in imperial folio in Parts at 1*l.* 1*s.*; Proofs, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; and a few, coloured and mounted, in imitation of the original Drawings, in a Portfolio, at 2*l.* 2*s.*

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